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CHRIS.

CHAPTER X.

"MARTHA," said Chris, when the little grave had been filled in, "I left Peter in your care, and he has been killed. You say you are sorry, and I suppose you are. Do you wish to show that you are sorry?"

Poor Martha made an indescribable and somewhat grotesque gesture, which seemed to signify assent.

"Then," continued Chris, "you can do it by enabling me to escape from this house, where I would rather die than spend another night. I must begin packing at once, and you must help me, and call a cab afterwards, for we have barely an hour left."

"Oh, miss, I durstn't do it!" cried Martha, wringing her hands distractedly. "Go and lay down upon your bed, and I'll bring you a cup of tea presently; and try if you can't cry a bit, which is the best thing for all as is in trouble; and to-morrow——"

"There is no time to argue!" interrupted Chris; "I mean to go, and I have money enough to pay for my journey. All you can do is to prevent my taking any clothes with me. If you won't help me, I shall go straight off to the station as I am."

"But—but if I was to 'old you fast, miss?" suggested Martha, somewhat timorously; for indeed she was overawed by the girl's coolness.

Chris instantly whipped out of her No. 341.—VOL. LVII.

pocket the long Spanish knife which José had given her. "Martha," said she, "I intend to go, and I can't answer for what I might do to any one who tried to hold me. Do you understand?"

"Oh, my dear," whimpered Martha, "don't look at me so! And put away that 'orrid great knife, which it gives me quite a turn on'y to see it. But where would you go, my pore child, all by yourself?"

"Perhaps I had better not tell you," answered Chris. "You will be asked questions, and it would be just as well that you should have no reply to give; though I shall write to Mr. Compton as soon as I reach the place that I am bound for. I shall be with friends, and I shall be well taken care of."

"Well," sighed Martha, "if go you must and will, to be sure there's no sense in your going with nothing but the clothes you stand up in. But why not see your aunt and say the same to her as you've said to me?"

"Because I could not endure to look at her," answered Chris shortly. "Come, Martha, if you are going to help me at all, you must do it at once." And taking the old woman by the arm, she led her back into the house and up stairs.

The reason which Chris assigned for her surreptitious flight was genuine enough, so far as it went; for she had an overpowering repugnance to the idea of facing Peter's murderess; but

it was not her only reason. Miss Ramsden probably had legal power, and certainly had practical power, to detain her: she might even, if the worst came to the worst, call in the police and cause a public scandal. Whereas, if she were separated from her niece by the whole length of France, negotiations would have to be conducted through Mr. James Compton, who would be less difficult to deal with. Chris hastily consulted a continental Bradshaw, while Martha, with many subdued groans, was stuffing her clothes into her trunks, and found that she would have no chance of catching the direct mail to Paris. It would however be quite possible for her to take the Southampton and Havre route, thus leaving London an hour later; only it would be necessary, even so, to use the utmost despatch.

Unfortunately, Martha would not and could not be hurried. Every few minutes she stopped packing, threw herself back, sitting upon her heels, and ejaculated, "Oh, my dear, I durstn't do it!—I reelly durstn't!" and it was only by alternate entreaties and menaces that she could be induced to resume her labours.

What gave Chris even more anxiety than the lukewarmness of her fellow-conspirator was that Miss Ramsden's bedroom was next door, and that boxes cannot be moved nor drawers opened and shut without some noise. And, sure enough, when they had nearly completed their preparations, there came three loud thumps upon the partition wall which caused them to start and exchange affrighted glances.

"There!" exclaimed Martha, sinking despairingly into a chair, "that settles it! Go to her I must, and what in this world I'm to say to her —"

"Listen to me, Martha," interrupted Chris, taking the woman by the shoulders and looking straight into her eyes: "I have heard you tell Aunt Rebecca fibs before now, and I know that you can tell them very well.

You will go to her now, and you will say just whatever comes into your head, except the truth; only you are not to be away more than five minutes. If you stand by me I will reward you handsomely as soon as I can, but if you betray me —"

"Oh, laws, child," broke in Martha, "don't talk to me about rewards! Goodness knows it isn't a reward I want!"

"Well, you will get a reward—of one kind or another. I am only a girl, but I am desperate; and by far the safest thing you can do is to obey me."

Thus cautioned, Martha tottered out of the room, and Chris, having hastily locked her boxes, sat down and waited during the longest five minutes that she had ever spent in her life. Nevertheless, the allotted time had barely expired when her emissary returned, wearing an air of mingled contrition and triumph.

"Well!" asked Chris expectantly.

"Well," answered Martha, "she don't suspect nothin'. There! It did go against me to deceive her, and she so porely too. But I kep' sayin' to myself, 'Tis for the sake of others, not for your own, that you're carryin' on in this scanderlous way, and maybe that 'll be took into account.' Mortal bad she says she is; and to be sure she do look it. 'Bin ringin' that bell for the last 'alf hour,' says she; and then she fancied she 'eard me movin' in the next room, which was why she knock through. So I give her her medicine, and then she seems a bit easier and wants to know whether you was come in yet. 'Come in?' I says: 'I believe you she 'ave! And in that tearin' and horful passion you wouldn't credit it without you was to see it. And you'd best let me get back to her as soon as I can,' I says, 'and put her safe to bed; for 'tis my belief as she's in no state to be left alone, much less to be allowed within a harm's length of *you*.' Scared!—well, I don't know as I ever see any one look more scared than pore Miss Rebecca did at that.

Began tremblin' all over, so she shook the bed under her, and, 'Don't let her in 'ere, Martha,' she says, 'don't you let her into this room, whatever you do!' So I puts on a blood-curdlin' sort of a voice, and says I ——"

Chris cut this discursive narrative short without ceremony. "That will do, Martha: I don't want to hear what either of you said, and if I did I shouldn't have time to listen. Now run as fast as you can and call a cab, and tell the man to take off his boots in the hall before he comes up for the boxes, because there is a lady ill in the house. Do you see?"

Off trotted Martha, still much elated by the success of her wily policy; and a few minutes later Chris had the satisfaction of hearing a cab stop at the door. The carrying of the boxes down stairs was anxious work, but no sound proceeded from Miss Ramsden's room; and while the cabman, who took an excruciatingly long time about it, was putting on his boots, Chris could hear Martha rehearsing under her breath the details of an interview which had not yet taken place. "'Keb?' says I. 'What are you a-thinkin' of? There ain't bin no keb drove away from this 'ouse. You must ha' bin dreamin',' I says ——"

But the old woman's view of the situation suddenly changed again at the last moment, when she thrust her head through the window of the cab in which Chris had already seated herself and sobbed out, "Oh, my dear, you ain't goin' away without a word of pardon for your pore old Martha, are you? 'Twas my fault maybe, but 'twas never my intention, as well you know. And I done all you told me since, ain't I?"

Then for the first time Chris smiled. "I have nothing to forgive you for, Martha," she said, taking the old woman's hand, "and I don't think you were at all to blame. Only I had to tell you so because it was necessary to frighten you. Good-bye, Martha: I won't forget how you have helped me."

Possibly Martha, who had just succeeded so magnificently in frightening somebody else, did not quite like being reminded of her own timidity. At any rate, she dried her eyes as the cab disappeared, and summoned up a sort of laugh. "Pore dear!" she murmured. "She and her knife!—as if I ever believed she'd stab me! Waterloo Station she told the cabman, and she's goin' to friends in furrin parts, as I see by her lookin' at them furrin time-tables. They'll ketch her up and bring her back agin in a few days, I s'pose; but 'twas as well to let her 'ave her own way at startin'. Nothin' like 'avin' your own way for coolin' the blood; and as for Miss Rebecca, if this gives her a turn, 'tis no more than she deserves."

Meanwhile Chris was being conducted to her destination at the utmost speed which an old-fashioned four-wheeled cab could accomplish; that is to say, very slowly indeed. She offered the cabman a double fare if he would drive fast, whereupon he lashed his horse into a lumbering canter; but that did not imply any great increase of pace, and it was with only three minutes to spare that the fugitive reached Waterloo.

She took her ticket for Paris, booked her luggage, and was pushed into a carriage just as the train was starting; and then at length she had leisure to reflect upon what she was doing and was about to do. Hitherto there had only been room in her mind for the one idea, that she must at all hazards effect her escape from the wicked and treacherous old woman who had murdered her dog; but now she could not help beginning to wonder whether the Lavergues, upon whose protection she had resolved to throw herself, would be altogether enchanted when a young woman who had run away from her relations dropped upon them from the clouds. It seemed shabby to doubt it, and yet there was room for just a little bit of doubt. "At any rate," thought Chris, "if they don't want me they need not keep me. I am ready to

work for my living, or do anything that James Compton may tell me to do, until I come of age, except go back to Aunt Rebecca. That I won't do; and I don't see how he can possibly make me."

It is always a comfort to know one's own mind. Chris, having made up hers quite decidedly, was able to dismiss all anxiety with regard to such future events as were beyond her control, and could allow herself to cry a little over the bereavement which she had sustained. She was alone in the railway-carriage so that there was no need to conceal her tears, which flowed without restraint while the train sped down the line towards Southampton.

Most people seem to think that there is something ridiculous in mourning over the death of a dog, although they have no reason for thinking so beyond that which is responsible for the rest of their opinions, namely, that they have always been given to understand as much. Poor Peter had been the most sincere, the most devoted, and the most sympathizing friend that Chris had ever possessed; and surely she might be pardoned for regretting him more than she would have regretted any of her relations, who had manifested none of those qualities. But a dead dog, like a dead man, has passed beyond our reach: no tears can touch him nor sorrow bring him back to us: we must go our way as best we can without him; and the sad thing is that we are able to manage this with much greater ease than we should have supposed. Chris however was hardly old enough to know that; and perhaps it was a good thing for her that she should have deemed herself inconsolable, since she was thus prevented from dwelling overmuch upon the perils and folly of the enterprise to which she was committed. She said to herself that she really didn't care what became of her, which was of course absurd; yet not more so than many unuttered assertions which the rest of us have made in our time.

What happened to Chris very soon

after she had embarked at Southampton was to encounter a heavy easterly swell, which made her deplorably seasick, and all the night through rendered her insensible to everything save the dismal misery of the present. The passage nevertheless was a tolerably quick one, and there was a long time to wait at Havre before the express left for Paris, at which city she arrived between four and five o'clock on the following afternoon, hungry, weary, and travel-stained.

Her original intention had been to drive straight to the Lyons Station and proceed to Cannes by the night train; but she now felt too worn out to stick to this plan, and she thought besides that it would be as well to prepare the Lavernes for her arrival by a telegram. So, instead of continuing her journey, she went to a quiet little hotel in one of the streets leading from the Rue de Rivoli to the Rue St. Honoré where her father, who knew how to make himself comfortable, had been wont to put up in days gone by; and there she met with a welcome at once respectful and voluble from the landlord and landlady.

These good folks, who had not heard of the death of their former patron, expressed themselves as desolated when the sad news was communicated to them and showed their regret after the customary French fashion, which we, who are less expansive, console ourselves by calling all humbug. Humbugs or not, they were very kind to Chris, and put her into their best rooms and bothered her with no questions until later in the evening, when she had had a nice little dinner and when curiosity naturally began to assert itself. She was going to friends at Cannes, she told the fat landlord, who lifted up his hands in amazement and ejaculated, "Cannes, in the month of September! But mademoiselle will be cooked alive! And what friends can mademoiselle have at Cannes at such a time of the year?"

"They are French friends," Chris explained: "they live there all the

year round, and they have not been cooked yet. Besides, I love the sun. And that reminds me that I want to send a telegram to them at once. When does the train leave to-morrow morning?"

The landlord was not sure, but would inquire. At the same time, if he might be permitted to give his opinion, he would say that such a journey as that would be better performed by night than by day, *rappont à la chateur*. Let mademoiselle repose herself until the following evening: he himself would accompany her to the station and recommend her to the care of the guard: the trains for the south were not crowded at that season, and it would be easy to secure a *coupé-lit*. As for the expense of remaining a few more hours in Paris, he would only say that old customers were not strangers, and he ventured to think that mademoiselle would not complain of the amount of her bill.

After a minute or two of consideration, Chris decided to take this advice. The night journey would not only be less fatiguing, but would land her at Cannes at a more convenient time; and to remain where she was for another twenty-four hours would expose her to no fresh risk, since, even in the very improbable event of her aunt's sending somebody in pursuit of her, it would scarcely occur to the pursuer to seek for her in Paris. Accordingly she despatched her telegram and went to bed, where she was soon sleeping as soundly as if she had committed no outrage against those social laws which may be said to form the tap-root of civilization. It is true that when she woke on the following morning she was a little overawed at finding herself in a French hotel, and, for the time being, absolute mistress of her own destinies; but when she had swallowed her coffee (there is still good coffee to be had in Paris, though not at any of the best hotels or restaurants), she began to exult in her freedom and in the thought that, come

what might, she could never again be forced to return to the hideous squalor and monotony of a residence at Primrose Hill.

This however was but a transient phase of feeling, due chiefly to the prettiness and cleanliness of her surroundings. As the morning went on her spirits sank again: she remembered how completely alone she was in the world, and her misgivings with regard to the reception likely to be accorded to her by the Laverignes returned with increased force. Dr. Lavergne prided himself upon being unconventional; but the qualities upon which most of us pride ourselves are precisely those which we do not possess, and the worthy doctor was at all events a Frenchman from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. Now a Frenchman must be very unconventional indeed—in fact, he must be a sort of outlaw—before he will quarrel with his family; and there was reason to fear that Dr. Lavergne would regard his young friend's escapade in a somewhat serious light. To take the law into your own hands is not at all the same thing as to become independent; and Chris mournfully acknowledged to herself that her future must to a great extent be shaped in accordance with the views of a whimsical old French physician and a dry English lawyer. She had to fall back upon her one consolation—"At any rate, they can't make me go back to Aunt Rebecca, because I won't go."

After she had disposed of her mid-day meal she put on her hat and started for the gardens of the Tuileries, whither she had wandered with Peter a few months, which seemed like years, before. The landlord, who ran out to open the door for her, was visibly shocked at the idea that any young lady could walk through the streets of Paris alone; but he did not permit himself any spoken remonstrance, and for her own part she was too much accustomed to taking care of herself to have any fear of her fellow-mortals,

CHAPTER XI.

ON that hot afternoon the Tuileries' gardens were deserted save by a few white-capped nurses and pale-faced children, with whom Chris tried to make friends. They ought to have been in the country or at the seaside; and so perhaps they thought, for they were peevish and defiant, and she fancied—though that was probably only imagination—that the nurses looked strangely at her. At any rate, they did not seem anxious for her company; so she strolled on, feeling very weary and lonely, crossed the Place de la Concorde and, making her way up the gradual ascent of the Champs Elysées, where only an occasional hired carriage filled with tourists was visible, found herself at length at the Arc de Triomphe. It was a longish walk and she was rather tired after it; but she thought that, as she had come so far, she might as well go a little farther and rest a while under the shade of the trees in the Bois de Boulogne. Accordingly she plodded on, and, as soon as she had passed through the iron gates, struck off into a by-road which seemed to hold out promise of coolness and seclusion. She might have had both the one and the other by remaining quietly indoors; but neither her age nor her temperament permitted her to sit still doing nothing, and consequently, as might have been anticipated, she had by this time made herself very hot.

What was perhaps hardly to be anticipated was that she should encounter an acquaintance in a sequestered alley of the Bois de Boulogne; yet if she had been wise she would have taken that possibility into account, for who can hope nowadays to escape meeting with acquaintances at any place on this side of the equator? Thus it was not really an extraordinary incident, although it was an excessively annoying one, that no sooner had Chris seated herself on the grass beneath a spreading tree than a car-

riage passed within a stone's throw of her containing three evident Englishmen, in one of whom she recognized with dismay the superb proportions and rubicund countenance of Mr. Ellacombe.

Unluckily he also recognized her, for he made a snatch at his hat, ejaculated "Hullo!" and "By Jove!" and then, scrambling up, dealt the coachman a resounding blow between the shoulders with his stick, as a gentle hint to pull up.

"*Arrêtez*, you fool!" Chris heard him shout; and then (for his voice was a powerful one) she was able to distinguish every word of the explanation which he vouchsafed to his friends. "Drive on, you fellows, I'll be with you by dinner-time. Just caught sight of somebody whom I rather want to speak to." The other two men turned round, looked hard at her and grinned: there was some muttering, apparently of a jocular kind, since it was followed by peals of unrestrained merriment; then the carriage rolled away towards Paris, and Mr. Ellacombe, all smiles, advanced across the grass.

If he did not then and there fall down in a fit it was not for want of every kind wish that he might do so on the part of the lady whom he was approaching. Chris had no desire ever to speak to the man again: she was particularly vexed at having met him in such circumstances: she had been infuriated by the laughter of his companions, and she considered that he was taking an unwarrantable liberty in getting out of his carriage to accost her. Worst of all, she had a horrible suspicion that he was not perfectly sober. The truth is that he had been lunching a little too well at the Pré Catalan, otherwise he could scarcely have failed to notice the girl's frigid demeanour and lowered brows.

"Well," he exclaimed, "I do call this luck!"

"So do I," thought Chris, "I call it luck of the very worst description." But she said aloud, "How do you do, Mr. Ellacombe? I am sorry you

stopped your carriage, but if you will follow this road and take the first turn to the right and then keep straight on you will come to a stand of *fiacres* before long."

"Oh, that'll be all right," answered Ellacombe cheerfully. "I'll walk the whole way back if it comes to that. I'd have walked double the distance to see you. And what are you doing in Paris of all places in the world?"

There could be no doubt about it, the man was not quite himself. He had assumed his worst manner, and how bad that might become Chris knew by unpleasant experience. "Do sit down again," he pleaded, casting himself full length upon the turf from which she had risen: "I want so awfully to have a talk with you."

But Chris did not yield to this seductive invitation. "I must be making my way back to my hotel," she said. "I leave for the south of France to-night, and I have to pack up."

"For the south of France? What a funny place to be going to! I thought people only went there in winter. But you have heaps of time yet. Don't hurry off, or I shall think I have driven you away."

"I must go," answered Chris firmly. "But," she added, as he scrambled to his feet, "please don't let me take you out into the sun if you would rather remain where you are. I like a hot sun, but most people don't. Indeed, I believe it is rather dangerous for them."

"As if I should allow you to start off all alone!" cried the gallant Ellacombe. "And who are you travelling with?" he asked, as he strode along the road by her side.

"I am not travelling with anybody," answered Chris; "I am going to stay with some friends." And then, by way of changing the subject, she inquired what had brought him to Paris.

He gave vent to a sigh so tremendous that she regretted having put the question, and guessed at once what his reply was going to be. "I had to get through the time somehow," he said,

"I couldn't stand home after you went away, so I got some fellows to run over here with me by promising to pay all expenses. They ain't particularly nice fellows," he added plaintively, "but you couldn't expect nice fellows to come to Paris in September."

"They certainly didn't look very nice," agreed Chris, with a resentful remembrance of their behaviour to her. "Perhaps if they had been nice they wouldn't have liked you to pay their expenses for them."

"Oh, I don't know: that isn't the sort of thing that people object to, as a rule. Anyhow, I shall soon get rid of them, for one might as well be at home as in this stifling hole, and if you're going away I shall hate the place more than I do already! I say, Miss Compton, you'll be back at Brentstow in November, won't you?"

"No," answered Chris, "certainly not. I don't think it is likely that I shall be in England at all in November."

Ellacombe whistled. "Going to stay abroad the whole winter, then?" he asked presently.

"Yes, I hope so. My plans are rather unsettled as yet, but in any case I shall not return to Brentstow."

Ellacombe pondered a while. He had a vague impression that he owed Chris an apology, but he had also an impression which was not vague, and in support of which he could doubtless have adduced more or less convincing evidence, that it was a very great mistake ever to apologize to a woman. So he dismissed that point from his mind, and gave himself up to other reflections, the eventual outcome of which was that he remarked gravely, "If you're not at Brentstow in the winter, Miss Compton, I sha'n't see you, I'm afraid."

Chris said she was afraid he wouldn't, whereupon he once more became very solemn and pensive. At length he resumed, with some suddenness: "It just comes to this, Miss Compton, that I shall have to ask you now what I meant to have asked you a couple of

months hence. I'm a man of few words, and I can't put things prettily, but I can put them plainly. Will you marry me, Miss Compton?—there!”

Chris was not altogether unprepared for this abrupt proposal, nor was she at all dismayed by it. In ordinary circumstances it is probably rather disagreeable to be obliged to refuse any suitor, but when you are above everything eager to get rid of a man, perhaps that is as sure a way as another of accomplishing your object. When once Mr. Ellacombe should have been made to understand that he could not possibly have what he asked for, he would surely see that there was nothing for him to do but to withdraw at once, and make his way back to Paris by a circuitous route. Unfortunately that was just what Mr. Ellacombe would not understand, although his addresses were rejected in language as unequivocal as was consistent with courtesy. His first impression evidently was that Chris doubted his sincerity, which he accordingly protested with unnecessary warmth: then, as this failed to produce the desired effect, he grew puzzled and rather angry.

“I know what it is!” he exclaimed at length, “some of those brutes down in Devonshire have been telling you things about me. Well, I won't call them liars, though I dare say that is what some of them are. But this I'll promise you, Miss Compton, I'll give up every bad habit I've got into if you'll be my wife. Can I say more?”

Certainly he could add nothing that was of a nature to advance his suit, but, though not tipsy, he had had just enough wine to make him stupid and obstinate: consequently, he said a good deal more when this appeal proved fruitless, and some of the things that he said were not pleasant to listen to.

“I can tell you that there are plenty of girls in Devonshire, and in London too, who would be glad enough to have such a chance,” was one of his judicious remarks. “They've tried for it pretty

hard and pretty often, but you are the only one who has ever had it offered to her.”

“At any rate, I am innocent of having tried for it,” observed Chris drily.

“Well, I don't know about that. Lady Barnstaple didn't seem to think so. At all events, she is prepared to back me up.”

“Mr. Ellacombe,” said Chris, turning at bay, “you are very impertinent and very foolish! Lady Barnstaple has no authority over me, and very likely I shall never see her again in my life; but even if she were my guardian she couldn't force me to marry a man whom I don't choose to marry.”

Ellacombe frowned. “I'm not going to own myself beaten yet,” said he doggedly. “Who are your guardians?—for I suppose you have some.”

“My cousin Mr. James Compton is my guardian, I believe,” answered Chris; “but you must know very little about me if you think that I should allow any one to dictate to me in a matter of this kind. Perhaps the best plan is to confess to you that I am at this moment in full flight from my aunt and from my guardian, and that they have not the slightest chance of persuading me to return to them. That ought to convince you that I know my own mind and take my own way.”

Apparently however it had not that effect. Mr. Ellacombe was a little startled, but in no way discomfited. “You've plenty of pluck,” said he admiringly. “I like a girl who has pluck, and I don't think a bit the worse of you for having bolted. But mind you, Miss Compton, it isn't every man who would say that. Because, you know, it's a deuced awkward thing for a girl to run away from her friends. Remarks are made, and people draw their own conclusions, and altogether it does her no good. I dare say you didn't think about that when you showed them a clean pair of heels. But never mind! you sha'n't suffer for it, I promise you. You come straight

back to London with me to-morrow, and we'll announce our engagement and be married as soon as you please. Then we can snap our fingers at the gossips."

It was an offensive thing to say, and it was said in an offensive manner; though the speaker may be acquitted of any intention to give offence.

"I don't quite know what you mean, Mr. Ellacombe," answered Chris; "but if anybody is inclined to gossip about me, I suppose I can snap my fingers alone. I should like to be left alone at once, if you please; so I will say good-bye now."

She stood still in a determined manner; but Ellacombe only burst out laughing. "What a little spitfire you are!" he exclaimed. "Well, I like you all the better for it; only really, you know, you mustn't think that I'm going to be sent off like this, with my tail between my legs. Come and sit down here and tell me what you want. I sha'n't grudge you anything that I can give, you may be sure."

He laid his hand upon her wrist as he spoke, and with an exertion of force which was perhaps greater than he imagined, drew her towards a bench. Chris was very angry, but also rather alarmed. They were now in the Avenue du Bois de Bologne, and plenty of people, including a *sergent de ville*, were within hail; yet she did not quite like to call for assistance, and she was making up her mind to endure Mr. Ellacombe's unwelcome society a little longer when, to her great joy, she caught sight of a tall, slim figure approaching her with which she had good reason to be familiar. "Oh, Val!" she said involuntarily, "how glad I am to see you!"

Mr. Richardson started, took off his hat, and advanced with outstretched hand, his handsome face, which had looked somewhat sombre the minute before, breaking out into smiles.

While greetings were being interchanged Ellacombe stood twirling his moustache and looking pugnaciously at the new-comer. "Perhaps," he said

at length, "you will introduce me to your friend, Miss Compton?"

Chris hurriedly performed the required ceremony, and added in an undertone to Val, "Please make him go away."

Val, who was himself a pugnacious young man, obeyed her with the utmost promptitude. "Mr. Ellacombe," said he, "I am sure you will excuse us if we wish you good-day. Miss Compton and I have not met for some months; and as we are engaged to be married ——"

"What!" thundered Ellacombe. And then, turning to Chris, "Is this true, Miss Compton?"

Chris made a sign of assent. It seemed to be the best way of getting rid of him, and it was hardly worth while to explain that the announcement was not quite strictly accurate.

"Then," said Ellacombe, becoming suddenly sober and dignified, "I think you might have told me so a little sooner. Good-bye, Miss Compton, I shall not mention my having seen you here to anybody. Probably you would rather I didn't."

If any disagreeable insinuation was intended to be conveyed by the last words it was lost upon Chris, who was only too thankful to see Ellacombe's broad back turned towards her. She sank down upon the bench to which she had been led, while Val, seating himself beside her, looked inquiring. Indeed, there were circumstances connected with this meeting which he not unnaturally expected her to account for. However, it was neither of Mr. Ellacombe nor of her own presence in Paris that Chris was first moved to speak by the sight of this old friend.

"Oh, Val!" she exclaimed, "Peter is dead!"

"Poor little chap!" returned the young man sympathetically. "But that's the worst of Yorkshire terriers, they're always delicate if they're at all well-bred."

"He wasn't delicate: he never had a day's illness in his life," Chris declared; and straightway she narrated

how the poor dog had been basely done to death; how she had fled from the roof of the criminal; and how she was now on her way to throw herself upon the protection of the Laverghnes.

Mr. Richardson bit his lip and looked rather grave over it. "And pray," he inquired, "who is the red-bearded gentleman who thought you might have told him of your engagement a little sooner?"

"Oh," answered Chris, "he is a very disagreeable person who beats his dogs and who, I am afraid, is given to drinking. I met him in Devonshire when I was staying with Lady Barnstaple. I didn't dislike him so much at the time, but poor dear Peter did—and bit him. He said that about our engagement because he has just been asking me to marry him, and of course I refused him; and, for some reason or other, he didn't seem to believe that I was in earnest. But you know, Mr. Richardson," she added, bethinking herself that it was about time to avert possible misconceptions, "it isn't really an engagement, and I only let him think so in order to drive him away."

"Well, at any rate you needn't begin to call me 'Mr. Richardson' again," said Val. "Is our carrotty friend possessed of money or lands?"

"Yes, I believe he is well off: he has rather a large property close to Brentstow," answered Chris indifferently.

"And yet you refused him? What made you do that, Chris?"

"I don't care enough about money to marry for the sake of it," she replied.

"Come! that's a consolatory and refreshing sentiment to listen to. Especially as I have no money and no prospects. All the same, I wish you could have given another reason, Chris: I wish you could have told me that you haven't quite forgotten me in all this time."

"Of course I haven't forgotten you," returned Chris, colouring a little, for in truth she had seldom thought of him. "But I couldn't say that it was

for your sake that I refused Mr. Ellacombe, because that would have been untrue."

"Well," said Val, with a laugh and a shrug of his shoulders, "so long as it wasn't for somebody else's sake. Anyhow, you *have* refused him, and that's some comfort. Do you know, I am on my way to England, and if I hadn't met you to-day I should have turned up at your London address some time before the end of the week and found the bird flown. A nice fright I should have had!"

"My aunt will hear before the end of the week that I am safe at Cannes," replied Chris. "I left without telling her, because I didn't want to see her, and because I wanted to avoid a fuss, but I have no intention of hiding from her."

"I expect you'll have to go back again, you know," remarked Val after a pause.

"But if I won't?"

"I really don't know how far the rights of guardians are protected by extradition treaties, but I should imagine that in any case they might bring pressure to bear upon you by stopping the supplies. Besides, from a social point of view, it is undesirable to defy your guardians. By the way, have they told you yet what your fortune amounts to?"

This query, which was brought out with a somewhat exaggerated assumption of carelessness, might have put a suspicious person upon the alert, but it produced no such effect upon Chris, to whom it had never occurred that Val Richardson could wish to marry her on account of her modest dowry. She replied that she believed she would have a few hundreds a year when she came of age, but did not know how many. Six or seven being suggested as the probable minimum, she answered that she supposed that would be about it, but confessed that she had not paid much attention to the statements laid before her by her cousin. Now, every one will admit that a lover who has next to no means

of subsistence of his own is entitled to somewhat fuller information than that, if only in order that he may resign all claim upon a lady whose income is insufficient to support a husband. Mr. Richardson looked vexed and impatient for a moment, but he displayed neither vexation nor impatience in his rejoinder, which indeed was a very sensible one.

"I really think," said he, "that the best thing you can do is to go back to your aunt without waiting to be coerced. I can quite understand your being angry with her; but it seems to me that you would make a great mistake if you were to cut yourself adrift. You say she is old, and I presume she has money, which you might as well inherit as not. Besides, you may not have to remain with her long. Most likely she would be glad to see you married; so, if you tell her that you are engaged to me—"

"But I am not," interrupted Chris sharply. "You yourself said that I was not."

Val laughed. "That was at Cannes," he began. "After the events of to-day—"

But he stopped short when he saw that Chris, instead of listening to him, was shaking hands with a young man who had rushed across the road to accost her, and who was uttering loud ejaculations of astonishment and joy. It was indeed a day of many meetings, and Chris had good reason to wish that she had curbed her appetite for fresh air and exercise. Neither of her previous encounters had deprived her of her presence of mind; but when she found herself face to face with Gerald Severne, whom she had supposed to be shooting grouse in the Highlands, she became, for some reason or other, confused and abashed; and her embarrassment was so painfully apparent that he became in some measure infected by it.

"You didn't expect to see me here, I suppose, Miss Compton?" he said almost apologetically. "The fact is I've been done out of my leave. One

of our fellows has been called away suddenly, and as there's a lot of work to do they telegraphed for me without compunction. Rather hard lines, I think—at least I thought so until a moment ago. But how do you come to be in Paris at this time of the year?"

Then for the first time he became aware of Val Richardson, and Chris—somewhat unnecessarily, perhaps—introduced the two men to one another. Gerald's countenance fell perceptibly when he heard the name of the stranger, to whom he raised his hat without offering his hand. A rather disagreeable interval of silence ensued, which Val broke by remarking—"Well, Chris, we ought to be moving on, I suppose: there isn't a great deal of time to spare."

If a man addresses a lady to whom he is in no way related by her Christian name, only one deduction can be drawn as to the footing upon which he stands with regard to her, and Gerald Severne drew it. Great as his distress and disappointment were, they were for the moment held in check by his sense of having committed a *gaucherie*, and his desire to withdraw as speedily as possible from company in which he evidently was not wanted. He said something, he hardly knew what, bowed, and was about to take to his heels when Chris, who partly guessed what was passing in his mind, stopped him.

"Mr. Severne," she stammered, "as I have met you, perhaps I had better say—I mean, I hope you won't think—that is, I am not *staying* in Paris. I am only passing through on my way to the south, and everybody will know all about it soon; only, if you don't mind, I would rather you didn't mention having seen me when you are writing to Lady Barnstaple or Gracie."

Gerald's face grew longer and his eyes grew larger, as indeed was scarcely surprising after such a speech as that. He was quite incapable of making any immediate reply; and Chris went on desperately: "The truth is that I have

run away from my aunt's house. I had good reasons for leaving her, and I shall write to her in a day or two; but—but, you understand—"

"I quite understand," answered Gerald very gravely. "Of course I shall not think of telling any one that I have seen you."

And without even saying good-bye, he turned on his heel and was soon out of sight.

CHAPTER XII.

"WELL," remarked Val Richardson, as Chris and he resumed their walk, "you've done it now, and no mistake!"

"What do you mean?" asked Chris anxiously. "Oughtn't I to have told him that I had run away?"

Val laughed. "It was scarcely prudent, was it? Not that I complain: on the contrary, I am rather disposed to rejoice. Only, you see, there are now two men who have met you here, with me, and one of them has been told that we are engaged, while the other is under the impression that we are either married already or about to be married immediately. I don't know whether that is exactly what you would wish."

"Oh!" exclaimed Chris, standing still and clasping her hands: "do you really think that is Mr. Severne's impression? But why should it be?"

"Because, my dear Chris, you couldn't have told him so much more plainly. He saw you walking with me: he heard from your own lips that you had left your aunt's house, and that everybody would soon know why you had done so: added to which, he was begged not to mention that you were in Paris. What construction would any intelligent human being be likely to put upon such facts and statements as those?"

Chris turned white. "I never meant it," was all that she could say. "I thought it was best to tell him the truth. I was afraid he might write to Lady Barnstaple, and he seemed to think it odd that I should be with you,

and I wanted him to understand that I had only met you by chance."

"But unfortunately that was not what you said, and I will venture to assert pretty positively that his belief was what I stated it to be just now."

"At any rate," observed Chris, with a long sigh, "he promised not to tell any one that he had seen us."

"Yes; but I doubt whether you can rely quite implicitly upon his discretion, or upon the discretion of the red-bearded man either. As a general rule, people think themselves bound to keep a secret so long as it is a secret, and no longer. Your aunt, I should say, will be sure to raise a hue and cry after you: you will be fortunate if the story doesn't get into the newspapers, and you can't expect that Lady Barnstaple will remain in ignorance of it. Well, then, you know, when she discusses your escapade with her neighbour and her son, they will naturally say, 'Since you know all about it there's no harm in our mentioning that we met her in the Champs Elysees with a young man whose intentions appeared to be strictly honourable.' Don't look so angry: I'm only trying to make the position of affairs clear to you; and after all, there's an easy way of putting chattering tongues to silence. Runaway marriages are a little out of date: still they are not unheard of, and of course they are not disgraceful, and—"

"I will never consent to any such thing!" interrupted Chris indignantly. "If you saw that Mr. Severne was under a false impression, I think you might have said a word to undeceive him; but you speak as if you wished to take advantage of my having made this dreadful mistake. At all events, you can't say that I ever promised to marry you, and you may be sure that I shall not let myself be entrapped into a runaway marriage."

"Perhaps you are right," returned Val coolly. "I am not sure that a runaway marriage would be even possible, and I have no wish to get myself into trouble with the Court of Chancery. But an engagement I really do think

that you will have to admit ; and, as I was saying before your friend joined us, my opinion is that the wisest thing you can do will be to go straight back to your aunt's house. I don't think you can doubt that I love you, Chris, and I don't think you meant what you said when you made that rather cruel speech about my wishing to take advantage of your having got yourself into a mess. I quite admit that I have no right to hold you to your engagement, because I'm so awfully hard up just now ; but for your own sake I am sure that it would be better to announce it provisionally, and if you choose to throw me over later I shall not complain."

This had a generous sound ; yet Chris could not help feeling some doubts as to the generosity and sincerity of the speaker. She was, however ashamed of doubting him, and tried to throw as much friendliness as she could into her reply, which was to the effect that she could not admit any positive engagement. "If disagreeable things are said about me, I must bear them," she declared. "I would bear anything rather than attempt to live with Aunt Rebecca again."

Val was not a little surprised to find that he could not move the girl from her determination. He argued with her the whole way back to her hotel : he even went near to losing his temper with her ; but she stuck resolutely to what she had said. Come what might she would never see her Aunt Rebecca again if she could help it ; and he was beginning to own himself beaten, and debate inwardly whether he had better accompany her to Cannes or put himself in communication with her family, when an unexpected and powerful ally came to his aid.

This was no less a person than Mr. James Compton, who, when the pair reached their destination, was discovered under the *porte cochère* with his hat in his hand, mopping his forehead and apparently expostulating with the landlord in Anglo-French.

"Oh, here she is!" he exclaimed.

"Well now, Christina, this is too bad ! —it really is too bad ! I have told you distinctly and repeatedly that if you had any complaints to make they were to be addressed to me, and that they would meet with such attention as they might deserve. Instead of which, you must needs conduct yourself after this preposterous fashion ! Upon my word, one would suppose that you were utterly ignorant of the laws of your country !"

"One would be right then," replied Chris composedly. "I know nothing whatever about the laws of my country. But I know that I won't go back to Balaclava Terrace."

"Oh, dear me ! dear me !" ejaculated Mr. Compton irritably : "that is a nice sort of thing to say to your trustee and your father's executor ! Won't, indeed ! But, my good girl, there is such a word in the dictionary as must, and people who say they won't do things may sometimes be made to do them."

"How," inquired Chris, "are you going to make me return to England ?"

If it came to that, Mr. Compton was not quite sure. He changed his tone and replied, "When I tell you that Miss Ramsden is seriously, indeed I may say dangerously, ill, and that her illness is chiefly due to your thoughtless behaviour, I trust that even you will see the propriety of starting for London with me by to-night's mail. Perhaps, in the circumstances, I ought hardly to be expected to reason with you, but I am prepared to do so—I am prepared to do so. Be so kind as to step into this room for a few minutes."

And he led the way towards the *bureau*, which the landlord, who had been listening to the foregoing dialogue with much interest, indicated by a wave of the hand. Then, and not until then, he noticed Val, who indeed was following Chris with an air of authority and protection. "And pray, who is this ?" he inquired.

The person alluded to answered the question suavely. "My name is

Richardson," said he. "I have been acquainted with Miss Compton for some time past, and I may as well mention at once that I am engaged to be married to her."

Then it was pretty to see how the lawyer bristled up and frowned. "Oh, nonsense!" he returned. "Pooh, pooh! don't talk to me like that, sir, if you please. You are probably aware that Miss Compton is not of age and cannot engage herself to anybody without the consent of her guardian." For this Richardson was, at any rate, a man, not an unreasoning and incomprehensible girl, and could be treated accordingly.

But Val did not seem to be at all frightened. "Of course," he answered politely, "I am quite aware of that, but I don't despair of obtaining her guardian's consent. Perhaps, when you have done speaking to her, you will spare me five minutes. I'll wait here for you." Whereupon he took out a cigarette and lighted it.

Mr. Compton grunted, but did not refuse the interview solicited. The young man might, for anything that he knew to the contrary, be an eligible young man, or again he might be in a position to give trouble. Either way, it would be as well to hear what he had to say for himself. So Val was left to the society of the landlord, while Mr. Compton retired into the *bureau* with Chris, who asked: "How did you discover that I was here?"

"Oh, that was not a matter of much difficulty. When I was sent for to your aunt's house yesterday morning I learnt from the servant that you had started for the Continent, and that you had told your cabman to drive to Waterloo. I crossed by Dover and Calais last night, and on arriving here went straight to the Lyons Station, thinking that in all probability you intended casting yourself upon the protection of Dr. Lavergne at Cannes. But as you had not been seen there, and as I could not, in any case, have left for

the south before to-night, it seemed to me best to make inquiries at the St. Lazare terminus, where I at once obtained the information that I desired. You had been noticed there on your arrival, and the address to which you had been taken was procured for me after a short delay. The French are a people whom I dislike and distrust," concluded Mr. Compton, who had perhaps spoken to half-a-dozen Frenchmen in his life, "but I am bound to admit that in some respects they are more businesslike than we are."

"And so Aunt Rebecca sent for you. Is it true that she is dangerously ill?" inquired Chris, after a pause.

"I am not in the habit of saying what is untrue, Christina. Your aunt has had a slight stroke of paralysis; and although I do not wish to be guilty of any exaggeration, and the doctor told me that he did not apprehend immediate danger, it is evident that, at her time of life and in her weak state of health, such an illness might at any moment terminate fatally. I may add that she herself ascribes it to anxiety about you, and that she entreated me most earnestly to bring you back to her. I was to say that she sincerely regrets having ordered your dog to be destroyed, but she assured me—and I confess that I see no reason to doubt her word—that she fully believed the animal to be mad."

"He was not mad, and she knew that he was not," returned Chris, who had been wavering, but whose wrath was rekindled by this statement.

"Very well, Christina: I will not attempt to argue the point with you. I think however you will agree with me that when your aunt, who may be dying, expresses the strongest desire to have you with her, and when she declares her intention of making every reparation in her power for the wrong of which you complain, you cannot refuse to give way to her."

Chris sighed, and bowed her head in sign of assent. Certain injuries are

irreparable, but none are—or at all events none ought to be—absolutely unpardonable. It did not seem likely that Miss Ramsden would die; but if she said she was sorry, and if she thought she was going to die, there was obviously nothing for it but to capitulate.

"And now," continued Mr. Compton, taking much inward credit to himself for having carried his point at so small an expenditure of breath, "perhaps you will be so good as to tell me who Mr. Richardson is, what he means by his impudent assertion that you are engaged to be married to him, and whether it was in order to meet him that you left England?"

Mr. Compton, albeit a solicitor, may have had some knowledge of the methods employed by the other branch of the legal profession, and understood how to get at the truth by cross-examination. Ten minutes had not elapsed before he had extorted from Chris not only all that she knew about Val Richardson, but also the unlucky fact that she had encountered both Mr. Ellacombe and Mr. Severne in the course of the day. He shook his head and said it was an awkward business—very awkward indeed. Like Val, he had little confidence in the ability or the inclination of those two young men to keep a secret. "And whatever else may be doubtful," he concluded, "one thing is as plain as can be, namely, that you are in this Mr. Richardson's power. I don't know whether you have realized that?"

"How in his power? What can he do to me?" asked Chris.

"What can he do to you? Really, Christina!—but I suppose *all* young women are perfect idiots! Don't you understand that what he can do is just this? He can say that you ran away to meet him at Paris, and that I pursued you and caught you up just in time to save you from flying to Jericho or some such place with him. And he can bring pretty strong evidence in support of his assertion too."

"I don't think he would behave in such a way," Chris said.

"I sincerely hope not; but from what you tell me of him I should imagine that it was well within the bounds of possibility. In fact, I may as well tell you plainly that, though he appears to be a thoroughly undesirable and unsuitable husband for you, I believe that the only thing I can do in the circumstances is to sanction an engagement—a conditional engagement—between you."

"I don't wish to be engaged to him," said Chris slowly.

"I am sorry to hear it, because I can see no alternative course open to you. Engagements do not invariably and necessarily entail marriages, and no doubt it will be in my power to insist upon a long delay. But perhaps I had better speak to the young man himself. Now, Christina, if you will go up stairs and pack your clothes, you will find me ready for you when it is time to start."

Mr. Compton, after the manner of victors, had assumed a somewhat more peremptory tone from the moment that he had achieved his victory; but Chris was too dispirited to quarrel with him on that account, and went off to her room without a word. She was obliged to admit to herself that the man was right. She had done a very foolish thing, and ill luck, combined with her own folly, had placed her in a position so compromising that Val, if he was inclined to profit by it, might hold her at his mercy. And she could not feel quite as sure as she would have liked to feel that he was above taking that ignoble advantage. Mr. Compton, as one acquainted with the seamy side of human nature, had very little doubt upon the point. He stepped out into the court-yard, where Val was smoking his cigarette, motioned to that young gentleman to seat himself upon a bench, and said—

"Now, Mr. Richardson, I am at your service. You state that you are engaged to my cousin. What is your

income? What are your prospects? And to what members of your family can you refer me for those particulars which I should naturally wish to receive about a total stranger who makes such a statement to me?"

Val, with a slight smile, deplored the circumstance that he was an orphan. Furthermore, he admitted frankly that he had no near relatives, that he had no prospects worth mentioning, and that his income was precarious. Still he was not without hope that something would turn up. He understood that Miss Compton was tolerably well provided for, and although he admitted that he was not entitled to press for an immediate marriage, he could not see his way to resigning all claim upon her. "Taking everything into consideration," said he, "it would really be best for her own sake to let people know of our engagement."

"Exactly so," agreed Mr. Compton drily: "I thought we should hear that argument before long. Well, Mr. Richardson, as I was saying to my cousin just now, we have practically no option but to accept your terms. I should however recommend you to be satisfied with what we are prepared to concede. Let it be understood that if, at the expiration of an interval of time which we need not at present fix precisely—say eighteen months hence—you are able to show that you have reasonable means and prospects, and if your conduct during that interval has been steady and respectable, the marriage shall take place: if otherwise, it shall be abandoned. I am proceeding of course upon the assumption that my cousin's escapade will become known and that her friends will think she contemplated a runaway marriage which was prevented by me. Disagreeable, but endurable. If, contrary to my expectation, the secret should be kept, you would be able, in the event of our dismissing you, to hold a sort of threat of exposure over

our heads: only you must bear in mind that our course would then be plain and easy. We should simply tell the truth, and we should be believed. Everybody would be aware that you had been engaged to my cousin for a considerable length of time, and our reasons for breaking off the engagement would be at everybody's service. I don't know whether I make myself clear?"

"Perfectly clear, thank you," answered Val laughing. "You don't seem to entertain a very flattering opinion of me, Mr. Compton?"

"I know next to nothing about you," returned the lawyer shortly. "If you care about my good opinion, I dare say you can earn it."

"It shall be my endeavour to do so," Val declared with due gravity. "I am going to London immediately, and I suppose I may take it that I shall be permitted to call upon Miss Compton as often as I please?"

"Oh, certainly. That is, as often as she may please. I think you heard me mention that her aunt, Miss Ramsden, is seriously ill; so that she is likely to be a good deal occupied."

Val promised that he would neither demand nor expect more than Miss Compton was inclined to give him, which sounded magnanimous and drew a few words of commendation from the lawyer. Mr. Compton had no intention in the world of allowing his cousin to throw herself away upon a penniless adventurer; but that an engagement must be submitted to he saw plainly enough, and he thought that she might be trusted to reduce the privileges of her betrothed to a minimum.

Shortly afterwards Chris came down stairs and, having despatched a second explanatory telegram to the Lavergues, declared herself ready to set out.

"I shall see you again very soon," Val whispered, as he helped her into the carriage; but to this encouraging announcement she made no reply.

(To be continued.)

THOMAS MOORE.¹

It would be interesting, though perhaps a little impertinent, to put to any given number of well-informed persons under the age of forty or fifty the sudden query, who was Thomas Brown the Younger? And it is very possible that a majority of them would answer that he had something to do with Rugby. It is certain that with respect to that part of his work in which he was pleased so to call himself, Moore is but little known. The considerable mass of his hack-work has gone whither all hack-work goes, fortunately enough for those of us who have to do it. The vast monument erected to him by his pupil, friend, and literary executor Lord Russell, or rather Lord John Russell (for we do not say that "the Duke of Marlborough" fought at Sedgemoor or "the Duke of Wellington" at Assaye), is a monument of such a Cyclopean order of architecture, both in respect of bulk and in respect of style, that most honest biographers and critics acknowledge themselves to have explored its recesses but cursorily. Even of his poems proper less is now read than of any of the brilliant group of poets of which he was one, with the possible exceptions of Crabbe and Rogers; while, more unfortunate than Crabbe, he has had no Mr. Courthope to come to his rescue. And this brings us to the book which is in more ways than one the text-book of this paper. We shall not have very much to say of the details of M. Vallat's very creditable and useful monograph. It would be possible, if we were merely reviewing it, to pick out some of the curious errors of hasty deduction

which are never wanting in a book of its nationality. If (and no shame to him) Moore's father sold cheese and whisky, *le whisky d'Irlande* was no doubt his staple commodity in the one branch, but scarcely *le fromage de Stilton* in the other. An English lawyer's studies are not even now, except at the universities and for purposes of perfunctory examination, very much in Justinian, and in Moore's time they were still less so. And if Bromham Church is near Sloperton, then it will follow as the night the day that it is not *dans le Bedfordshire*. But these things matter very little. They are found in their different kinds in all books; and if we English bookmakers (at least some of us) are not likely to make a Bordeaux wine merchant sell Burgundy as his chief commodity, or say that a village near Amiens is *dans le Béarn*, we no doubt do other things quite as bad. On the whole, M. Vallat's sketch, though of moderate length, is quite the soberest and most trustworthy sketch of Moore's life and of his books, as books merely, that I know. In matters of pure criticism M. Vallat is less blameless. He quotes authorities with that apparent indifference to, or even ignorance of, their relative value which is so yawning a pit for the feet of the foreigner in all cases; and perhaps a wider knowledge of English poetry in general would have been a better preparation for the study of Moore's in particular. "Never," says M. Renan in his latest work, "never does a foreigner satisfy the nation whose history he writes"; and this is as true of literary history as of history proper. But M. Vallat satisfies us in a very considerable degree; and even putting aside the question whether he is satisfactory

¹ *Etude sur la Vie et les Œuvres de Thomas Moore*; by Gustave Vallat. Paris: Rousseau. London: Asher and Co. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, and Co. 1887.

altogether, he has given us quite sufficient text in the mere fact that he has bestowed upon Moore an amount of attention and competence which no compatriot of the author of "*Lalla Rookh*" has cared to bestow for many years.

I shall also here take the liberty of neglecting a very great—as far as bulk goes by far the greatest—part of Moore's performance. He has inserted so many interesting autobiographical particulars in the prefaces to his complete works, that visits to the great mausoleum of the Russell memoirs are rarely necessary and still more rarely profitable. His work for the booksellers was done at a time when the best class of such work was much better done than the best class of it is now; but it was after all work for the booksellers. His "*History of Ireland*," his "*Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald*," &c., may be pretty exactly gauged by saying that they are a good deal better than Scott's work of a merely similar kind (in which it is hardly necessary to say that I do not include the "*Tales of a Grandfather*" or the introductions to the Dryden, the Swift, and the Ballantyne novels), not nearly so good as Southey's, and not quite so good as Campbell's. The *Life of Byron* holds a different place. With the poems, or some of them, it forms the only part of Moore's literary work which is still read; and though it is read much more for its substance than for its execution, it is still a masterly performance of a very difficult task. The circumstances which brought it about are well known, and no discussion of them would be possible without plunging into the Byron controversy generally, which the present writer most distinctly declines to do. But these circumstances, with other things among which Moore's own comparative faculty for the business may be not unjustly mentioned, prevent it from taking rank at all approaching that of Boswell's or Lockhart's inimitable biographies. The chief

thing to note in it as regards Moore himself is the help it gives in a matter to which we shall have to refer again, his attitude towards those whom his time still called "the great."

And so we are left with the poems—not an inconsiderable companion seeing that its stature is some seven hundred small quarto pages closely packed with verses in double columns. Part of this volume is however devoted to the "*Epicurean*," a not unremarkable example of ornate prose in many respects resembling the author's verse. Indeed, as close readers of Moore know, there exists an unfinished verse form of it which in style and general character is not unlike a more serious "*Lalla Rookh*." As far as poetry goes, almost everything that will be said of "*Lalla Rookh*" might be said of "*Alciphron*:" this latter, however, is a little more Byronic than its more famous sister, and in that respect not quite so successful.

Moore's life, which is not uninteresting as a key to his personal character, is very fairly treated by M. Vallat, chiefly from the poet's own authority; but it need not detain us very long. He was born at Dublin on May 28th, 1779. There is no mystery about his origin. His father, John Moore, was a small grocer and liquor-shop keeper who received later the place of barrack-master from a patron of his son. The mother, Anastasia Codd, was a Wexford girl, and seems to have been well educated and somewhat above her husband in station. Thomas was sent to several private schools, where he appears to have attained some scholarship and to have early practised composition in the tongue of the hated Saxon. When he was fourteen, the first measure of Catholic Emancipation (which gave votes and other things to the dwellers in the cold shade) opened Trinity College to him, and that establishment, "the intellectual eye of Ireland" as Sir William Harcourt has justly called it, received him a year later. The "silent sister" has always fostered a genial, if inexact, fashion of scholarship

in which Moore's talents were well suited to shine, and a pleasant social atmosphere wherein he was also not misplaced. But the time drew near to '98, and Moore, although he had always too much good sense to dip deeply into sedition, was certain from his sentimental habits to run some risk of being thought to have dipped in it. To the end of his life, though it is certain that he would have regarded what is called Nationalism in our days with disgust and horror, he cannot be acquitted of using the loosest of language on subjects where precision is particularly to be desired. Robert Emmet was his contemporary, and the action which the authorities took was but too well justified by the outbreak of the insurrection later. A Commission was named for purifying the college. Its head was Lord Clare, one of the greatest of Irishmen, the base or ignorant vilifying of whom by some persons in these days has been one of the worst results of the Home Rule movement. It had a rather comic assessor in Dr. Duigenan, the same, I believe, of whom it has been recorded that, at an earlier stage of his academic career and when a junior Fellow, he threatened to "bulge the Provost's eye." The oath was tendered to each examinee, and on the day before Moore's appearance Emmet and others had gone by default, while it was at least whispered that there had been treachery in the camp. Moore's own performance by his own account was heroic and successful: by another, which he very fairly gives, a little less heroic but still successful. Both show clearly that Clare was nothing like the stage-tyrant which the imagination of the seditious has chosen to represent him as being. That M. Vallat should talk rather foolishly about Emmet was to be expected; for Emmet's rhetorical rubbish was sure to impose, and has always imposed, on Frenchmen. The truth of course is that this young person—though one of those whom every humane man would like to keep mewed

up till they arrived, if they ever did arrive, which is improbable, at years of discretion—was one of the most mischievous of agitators. He was one of those who light a bonfire and then are shocked at its burning, who throw a kingdom into anarchy and misery and think that they are cleared by a reference to Harmodius and Aristogeiton. It is one of the most fearful delights of the educated Tory to remember what the grievance of Harmodius and Aristogeiton really was. Moore (who had something of the folly of Emmet, but none of his reckless conceit) escaped, and his family must have been exceedingly glad to send him over to the Isle of Britain. He entered at the Middle Temple in 1799, but hardly made even a pretence of reading law. What happened to him exactly, is one of those puzzles which in the days when society was much smaller, the makers of literature fewer, and the resources of patronage greater, continually meet the student of literary history. Moore toiled not neither did he spin. He slipped, apparently on the mere strength of an ordinary introduction, into the good graces of Lord Moira, who introduced him to the exiled Royal Family of France, and to the richest members of the Whig aristocracy—the Duke of Bedford, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and others, not to mention the Prince of Wales himself. The young Irishman had indeed, like others, his "proposals" in his pocket—proposals for a translation of *Anacreon* which appeared in May 1800. The thing which thus founded one of the easiest, if not the most wholly triumphant, of literary careers is not a bad thing. The original, now abandoned as a clever though late imitation, was known even in Moore's time to be in parts of very doubtful authenticity, but it still remains, as an original, a very pretty thing. Moore's version is not quite so pretty, and is bolstered out with paraphrase and amplification to a rather intolerable extent. But there was considerable fellow-feeling between the author, whoever he was,

and the translator, and the result is not despicable. Still there is no doubt that work as good or better might appear now, and the author would be lucky if he cleared a hundred pounds and a favourable review or two by the transaction. Moore was made for life. These things happen at one time and do not happen at another. We are inclined to accept all such as ultimate facts into which it is useless to inquire. There does not appear to be among the numerous fixed laws of the universe any one which regulates the proportion of literary desert to immediate reward, and it is on the whole well that it should be so. At any rate the publication increased Moore's claims as a "lion", and encouraged him to publish next year the "Poems of the late Thomas Little" (he always stuck to the Christian name), which put up his fame and rather put down his character.

In later editions Thomas Little has been so much subjected to the fig-leaf and knife that we have known readers who wondered why on earth anyone should ever have objected to him. He was a good deal more uncastrated originally, but there never was much harm in him. It is true that the excuse made by Sterne for Tristram Shandy, and often repeated for Moore, does not quite apply. There is not much guilt in Little, but there is certainly not much innocence. He knows that a certain amount of not too gross indecency will raise a snigger, and like Voltaire and Sterne himself he goes and does it. But he does not do it very wickedly. The propriety of the nineteenth century, moreover, had not then made the surprisingly rapid strides of a few years later, and some time had to pass before Moore was to go out with Jeffrey and nearly challenge Byron for questioning his morality. The rewards of his harmless iniquity were at hand; and in the autumn of 1803 he was made Secretary of the Admiralty in Bermuda. Bermuda, it is said, is an exceedingly pleasant place; but either there is no Secretary

of the Admiralty there now, or they do not give the post to young men four-and-twenty years old who have written two very thin volumes of light verses. The Bermoothes are not still vexed with that kind of Civil Servant. The appointment was not altogether fortunate for Moore, inasmuch as his deputy (for they not only gave nice berths to men of letters then, but let them have deputies) embezzled public and private moneys with disastrous results to his easy-going principal. But for the time it was all, as most things were with Moore, plain sailing. He went out in a frigate, and was the delight of the gun-room. As soon as he got tired of the Bermudas, he appointed his deputy and went to travel in America, composing large numbers of easy poems. In October, 1804, he was back in England, still voyaging at His Majesty's expense, and having achieved his fifteen months' trip wholly on those terms. Little is heard of him for the next two years, and then the publication of his American and other poems, with some free reflections on the American character, brought down on him the wrath of "The Edinburgh," and provoked the famous leadless or half-leadless duel at Chalk Farm. It was rather hard on Moore, for the real cause of his castigation was that he had offended democratic principles, while the ostensible cause was that, as Thomas Little, he had five years before written loose and humorous verses. So at least thinks M. Vallat, with whom we are not wholly disposed to agree, for Jeffrey, though a Whig, was no Democrat, and he was a rather strict moralist. However, no harm came of the meeting in any sense, though its somewhat burlesque termination made the irreverent laugh. It was indeed not fated that Moore should smell serious powder, though his courage seems to have been fully equal to any such occasion. The same year brought him two unquestioned and unalloyed advantages, the friendship of Rogers and the be-

ginning of the Irish Melodies, from which he reaped not a little solid benefit, and which contain by far his highest and most lasting poetry. It is curious but by no means unexampled that, at the very time at which he was thus showing that he had found his right way, he also diverged into one wholly wrong—that of the serious and very ineffective Satires, “Corruption,” “Intolerance,” and others. The year 1809 brought “English Bards and Scotch Reviewers” with a gibe from Byron and a challenge from Moore. But Moore’s challenges were fated to have no other result than making the challenged his friends for life. All this time he had been more or less “about town.” In 1811 he married Elizabeth Dyke (“Bessy”), an actress of virtue and beauty, and wrote the very inferior comic opera of “The Blue Stocking.” Lord Moira gave the pair a home first in his own house, then at Kegworth near Donington, whence they moved to Ashbourne. Moore was busy now. The politics of “The Two-penny Postbag” are of course sometimes dead enough to us; but sometimes also they are not, and then the easy grace of the satire, which is always pungent and never venomous, is not much below Canning. Its author also did a good deal of other work of the same kind, besides beginning to review for “The Edinburgh.” Considering that he was in a way making his bread and butter by lampooning, however good-humouredly, the ruler of his country, he seems to have been a little unreasonable in feeling shocked that Lord Moira, on going as viceroy to India, did not provide for him. In the first place he was provided for already; and in the second place you cannot reasonably expect to enjoy the pleasures of independence and those of dependence at the same time. At the end of 1817 he left Mayfield (his cottage near Ashbourne) and Lord Moira for Lord Lansdowne and Sloperton, a cottage near Bowood, the end of the one sojourn and the beginning of the other being distinguished by the ap-

pearance of his two best works next to the Irish Melodies—“Lalla Rookh” and “The Fudge Family at Paris.” His first and almost his only heavy stroke of ill-luck now came on him: his deputy at Bermuda levanted with some six thousand pounds, for which Moore was liable. Many friends came to his aid, and after some delay and negotiations, during which he had to go abroad, Lord Lansdowne paid what was necessary. But Moore afterwards paid Lord Lansdowne, which makes a decided distinction between his conduct and that of Theodore Hook in a similar case.

Although the days of Moore lasted for half an ordinary life-time after this, they saw few important events save the imbroglio over the Byron memoirs. They saw also the composition of a great deal of literature and journalism, all very well paid, notwithstanding which, Moore seems to have been always in a rather unintelligible state of pecuniary distress. That he made his parents an allowance, as some allege in explanation, will not in the least account for this; for, creditable as it was in him to make it, this allowance did not exceed one hundred pounds a year and he must have spent little in an ordinary way. His Sloperton establishment was of the most modest character, while his wife was an excellent manager, and never went into society. Probably he might have endorsed, if he had been asked, the great principle which somebody or other has formulated, that the most expensive way of living is staying in other people’s houses. At any rate his condition was rather precarious till 1835, when Lord John Russell and Lord Lansdowne obtained for him a pension from the Civil List of three hundred pounds a year. In his very last days this was further increased by an additional hundred a year to his wife. His end was not happy. The softening of the brain, which set in about 1848, and which had been preceded for some time by premonitory symptoms, can hardly, as in the cases

of Scott and Southey, be set down to overwork, for though Moore had not been idle, his literary life had been mere child's play to theirs. He died on February 26th, 1852.

Of Moore's character not much need be said, nor need what is said be otherwise than favourable. Not only to modern tastes but to the sturdier tastes of his own day, and even of the days immediately before his, there was a little too much of the parasite and the hanger-on about him. It is easy to say that a man of his talents, when he had once obtained a start, might surely have gone his own way and lived his own life without taking up the position of a kind of superior gamekeeper or steward at rich men's gates. But race, fashion, and a good many other things have to be taken into account; and it is fair to Moore to remember that he was, as it were from the first, bound to the chariot-wheels of "the great," and could hardly liberate himself from them without churlishness and violence. Moreover it cannot possibly be denied by any fair critic that if he accepted to some extent the awkward position of led poet, he showed in it as much independence as was compatible with the function. Both in money matters, in his language to his patrons, and in a certain general but indefinable tone of behaviour, he contrasts not less favourably than remarkably both with the ultra-Tory Hook, to whom we have already compared him, and with the ultra-Radical Leigh Hunt. Moore had as little of Wagg as he had of Skimpole about him; though he allowed his way of life to compare in some respects perilously with theirs. It is only necessary to look at his letters to Byron—always ready enough to treat as spaniels those of his inferiors in station who appeared to be of the spaniel kind—to appreciate his general attitude, and his behaviour in this instance is by no means different from his behaviour in others. As a politician there is no doubt that he at least thought himself to be quite sincere.

It may be that, if he had been, his political satires would have galled Tories more than they did then, and could hardly be read by persons of that persuasion with such complete enjoyment as they can now. But the insincerity was quite unconscious, and indeed can hardly be said to have been insincerity at all. Moore had not a political head, and in English as in Irish politics his beliefs were probably not founded on any clearly comprehended principles. But such as they were he held to them firmly. Against his domestic character nobody has ever said anything; and it is sufficient to observe that not a few of the best as well as of the greatest men of his time, Scott as well as Byron, Lord John Russell as well as Lord Moira, appear not only to have admired his abilities and liked his social qualities, but to have sincerely respected his character. And so we may at last find ourselves alone with the plump volume of poems in which we shall hardly discover with the amiable M. Vallat, "the greatest lyric poet of England," but in which we shall find a poet certainly, and if not a very great poet, at any rate a poet who has done many things well, and one particular thing better than anybody else.

The volume opens with "Lalla Rookh," a proceeding which, if not justified by chronology, is completely justified by the facts that Moore was to his contemporaries the author of that poem chiefly, and that it is by far the most considerable thing not only in mere bulk, but in arrangement, plan, and style, that he ever did. Perhaps I am not quite a fair judge of "Lalla Rookh." I was brought up in what is called a strict household where, though the rule was not, as far as I can remember, enforced by any penalties, it was a point of honour that in the nursery and schoolroom none but "Sunday books" should be read on Sunday. But this severity was tempered by one of the easements often occurring in a world which, if not the best, is certainly not the worst of all

possible worlds. For the convenience of servants, or for some other reason, the children were much more in the drawing-room on Sundays than on any other day, and it was an unwritten rule that any book that lived in the drawing-room was fit Sunday-reading. The consequence was that from the time I could read till childish things were put away I used to spend a considerable part of the first day of the week in reading and re-reading a collection of books, four of which were Scott's poems, "Lalla Rookh," The Essays of Elia (First Edition,—I have got it now), and Southey's "Doctor." Therefore it may be that I rank "Lalla Rookh" rather too high. At the same time I confess that it still seems to me a very respectable poem indeed of the second rank. Of course it is artificial. The parade of second, or third, or twentieth-hand learning in the notes makes one smile, and the whole reminds one (as I daresay it has reminded many others before) of a harp of the period with the gilt a little tarnished, the ribbons more than a little faded, and the silk stool on which the young woman in ringlets used to sit much worn. All this is easy metaphorical criticism, if it is criticism at all. For I am not sure that, when the last age has got a little further off from our descendants, they will see anything more ludicrous in such a harp than we see in the faded spinnets of a generation earlier still. But much remains to Lalla if not to Feramorz. The prose interludes have lost none of their airy grace. Even Mr. Burnand has not been able to make Mokanna ridiculous, nor have the recent accounts of the actual waste of desert and felt huts banished at least the poetical beauty of "Merou's bright palaces and groves." There are those who laugh at the bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream: I do not. "Paradise and the Peri" is perhaps the prettiest purely sentimental poem that English or any other language can show. "The Fire Worshipers" are rather long, but

there is a famous fight—more than one indeed—in them to relieve the monotony. For "The Light of the Harem" alone I have never been able to get up much enthusiasm: but even "The Light of the Harem" is a great deal better than Moore's subsequent attempt in the style of "Lalla Rookh," or something like it, "The Loves of the Angels." There is only one good thing that I can find to say of that: it is not so bad as the poem which similarity of title makes one think of in connection with it—Lamartine's disastrous "Chûte d'un Ange."

As "Lalla Rookh" is far the most important of Moore's serious poems, so "The Fudge Family in Paris" is far the best of his humorous poems. I do not forget "The Two-Penny Postbag," nor many capital later verses of the same kind, the best of which perhaps is the Epistle from Henry of Exeter to John of Tchemue. But "The Fudge Family" has all the merits of these with a scheme and framework of dramatic character which they lack. Miss Biddy and her vanities, Master Bob and his guttling, the eminent turncoat Phil Fudge, Esq., himself with his politics, are all excellent. But I avow that Phelim Connor is to me the most delightful, though he has always been rather a puzzle. If he is intended to be a satire on the class now represented by the O'Briens and the McCarthys he is exquisite, and it is small wonder that Young Ireland has never loved Moore much. But I do not think that Thomas Brown the Younger meant it, or at least wholly meant it, as satire, and this is perhaps the best proof of his unpractical way of looking at politics. For Phelim Connor is a much more damning sketch than any of the Fudges. Vanity, gluttony, the scheming intrigues of eld, may not be nice things, but they are common to the whole human race. The ridiculous rant which enjoys the advantages of liberty and declaims against the excesses of tyranny is in its perfection Irish alone. However this may be,

these lighter poems of Moore are great fun, and it is no small misfortune that the younger generation of readers pays so little attention to them. For they are full of acute observation of manners, politics, and society by an accomplished man of the world, put into pointed and notable form by an accomplished man of letters. Our fathers knew them well, and many a quotation familiar enough at second hand is due originally to the Fudge Family in their second appearance (not so good, but still good) many years later, to "The Two-Penny Postbag" and to the long list of miscellaneous satires and skits. The last sentence is however to be taken as most strictly excluding "Corruption," "Intolerance," and "The Sceptic." "Rhymes on the Road," travel-pieces out of Moore's line, may also be mercifully left aside and "Evenings in Greece;" and "The Summer Fête" (any universal provider would have supplied as good a poem with the supper and the rout-seats) need not delay the critic and will not extraordinarily delight the reader. Not here is Moore's spur of Parnassus to be found.

For that domain of his we must go to the songs which, in extraordinary numbers, make up the whole of the divisions headed, *Irish Melodies*, *National Airs*, *Sacred Songs*, *Ballads and Songs*, and some of the finest of which are found outside these divisions in the longer poems from "Lalla Rookh" downwards. The singular musical melody of these pieces has never been seriously denied by any one, but it seems to be thought, especially nowadays, that because they are musically melodious they are not poetical. It is probably useless to protest against a prejudice which, where it is not due to simple thoughtlessness or to blind following of fashion, argues a certain constitutional defect of the understanding powers. But it may be just necessary to repeat pretty firmly that any one who regards even with a tincture of contempt such work (to take various characteristic examples)

as Dryden's lyrics, as Shenstone's, as Moore's, as Macaulay's *Lays*, because he thinks that if he did not condemn them, his worship of Shakespeare, of Shelley, of Wordsworth would seem, or would be suspect, is most emphatically not a critic of poetry and not even a catholic lover of it. Which said, let us betake ourselves to seeing what Moore's special virtue is. It is acknowledged that it consists partly in marrying music most happily to verse; but what is not so fully acknowledged as it ought to be is that it also consists in marrying music not merely to verse but to poetry. Among the more abstract questions of poetical criticism few are more interesting than this, the connection of what may be called musical music with poetical music; and it is one which has not been much discussed. Let us take the two greatest of Moore's own contemporaries in lyric, the two greatest lyrists as some think (I give no opinion on this) in English, and compare their work with his. Shelley has the poetical music in an unsurpassable and sometimes in an almost unapproached degree, but his verse is admittedly very difficult to set to music. I should myself go farther and say that it has in it some indefinable quality antagonistic to such setting. Except the famous *Indian Serenade* I do not know any poem of Shelley's that has been set with anything approaching to success, and in the best setting that I know of this the honeymoon of the marriage turns into a "red moon" before long. That this is not merely due to the fact that Shelley likes intricate metres any one who examines Moore can see. That it is due merely to the fact that Shelley, as we know from *Peacock*, was almost destitute of any ear for music is the obvious and common explanation. But neither will this serve, for we happen also to know that Burns, whose lyric, of a higher quality than Moore's, asserts with music as naturally as Moore's own, was quite as deficient as Shelley in this respect. So was Scott, who

could yet write admirable songs to be sung. It seems therefore almost impossible, on the comparison of these three instances, to deny the existence of some peculiar musical music in poetry, which is distinct from poetical music, though it may coexist with it or may be separated from it, and which is independent both of technical musical training and even of what is commonly called "ear" in the poet. That Moore possessed it in probably the highest degree, will I think, hardly be denied. It never seems to have mattered to him whether he wrote the words for the air or altered the air to suit the words. The two fit like a glove, and if, as is sometimes the case, the same or a similar poetical measure is heard set to another air than Moore's, this other always seems intrusive and wrong. He draws attention in one case to the extraordinary irregularity of his own metre (an irregularity to which the average pindaric is a mere jog-trot), yet the air fits it exactly. Of course the two feet which most naturally go to music, the anapaest and the trochee, are commonest with him; but the point is that he seems to find no more difficulty, if he does not take so much pleasure, in setting combinations of a very different kind. Nor is this peculiar gift by any means unimportant from the purely poetical side, the side on which the verse is looked at without any regard to air or accompaniment. For the great drawback to "songs to be sung" in general since Elizabethan days (when, as Mr. Arber and Mr. Bullen have shown, it was very different) has been the constant tendency of the verse-writer to sacrifice to his musical necessities either meaning or poetic sound or both. The climax of this is of course reached in the ineffable balderdash which usually does duty for the libretto of an opera, but it is quite as noticeable in the ordinary songs of the drawing-room. Now Moore is quite free from this blame. He may not have the highest and rarest strokes

of poetic expression; but at any rate he seldom or never sins against either reason or poetry for the sake of rhythm and rhyme. He is always the master not the servant, the artist not the clumsy craftsman. And this I say not by any means as one likely to pardon poetical shortcomings in consideration of musical merit, for, shameful as the confession may be, a little music goes a long way with me; and what music I do like, is rather of the kind opposite to Moore's facile styles. Yet it is easy, even from the musical view, to exaggerate his facility. Berlioz is not generally thought a barrel-organ composer, and he bestowed early and particular pains on Moore.

To many persons, however, the results are more interesting than the analysis of their qualities and principles; so let us go to the songs themselves. To my fancy the three best of Moore's songs, and three of the finest songs in any language, are "Oft in the still Night," "When in Death. I shall calm recline," and "I saw from the Beach." They all exemplify what has been pointed out above, the complete adaptation of words to music and music to words, coupled with a decidedly high quality of poetical merit in the verse, quite apart from the mere music. It can hardly be necessary to quote them, for they are or ought to be familiar to everybody; but in selecting these three I have no intention—I have an intention as different as may possibly be—of distinguishing them in point of general excellence from scores, nay hundreds of others. "Go where Glory waits thee" is the first of the Irish melodies, and one of the most hackneyed by the enthusiasm of bygone Pogsons. But its merit ought in no way to suffer on that account with persons who are not Pogsons. It ought to be possible for the reader, it is certainly possible for the critic, to dismiss Pogson altogether, to wave Pogson off, and to read anything as if it had never been read before. If this be done we shall hardly wonder at the delight which those famous men, our

fathers who were before us, and who perhaps will not compare altogether badly with ourselves, took in Thomas Moore. "When he who adores thee," is supposed on pretty good evidence to have been inspired by the most hollow and senseless of all pseudo-patriotic delusions, a delusion of which the best thing that can be said is that "the pride of thus dying for" it has been about the last thing that it ever did inspire, and that most persons who have suffered from it have usually had the good sense to take lucrative places from the tyrant as soon as they could get them, and to live happily ever after. But the basest, the most brutal, and the bloodiest of Saxons may recognise in Moore's poem the expression of a possible, if not a real, feeling given with infinite grace and pathos. The same string reverberates even in the thrice and thousand times hackneyed Harp of Tara. "Rich and rare were the Gems she wore" is chiefly comic opera, but it is very pretty comic opera; and the two pieces "There is not in the wide world" and "How dear to me" exemplify, for the first but by no means for the last time, Moore's extraordinary command of the last phase of that curious thing called by the century that gave him birth Sensibility. We have turned Sensibility out of doors; but he would be a rash man who should say that we have not let in seven worse devils of the gushing kind in her comparatively innocent room.

Then we may skip not a few pieces, only referring once more to "The Legacy" ("When in Death I shall calm recline"), an anacreontic quite unsurpassable in its own kind. We need dwell but briefly on such pieces as "Believe me if all those endearing young Charms," which is typical of much that Moore wrote, but does not reach the true devil-may-care note of Suckling, or as "By the Hope within us springing", for Moore's warlike pieces are seldom or never good. But with "Love's Young Dream" we come back to the style of which it is im-

possible to say less than that it is quite admirable in its kind. Then after a page or two we come to the chief *cruces* of Moore's pathetic and of his comic style, "The Last Rose of Summer," "The Young May Moon" and "The Minstrel Boy." I cannot say very much for the last, which is tainted with the unreality of all Moore's Tyrtan efforts; but "The Young May Moon" could not be better, and I am not going to abandon the Rose, for all her perfume be something musty—a *pot-pourri* rose rather than a fresh one. The song of O'Ruark with its altogether fatal climax—

"On our side is virtue and Erin,
On theirs is the Saxon and guilt—"

(with the inimitable reflection it carries with it that it was an Irishman running away with an Irishwoman that occasioned this sweeping moral contrast) must be given up; but surely not so "Oh had we some bright little Isle of our own." For indeed if one only had some bright little isle of that kind, some "rive fidèle où l'on aime toujours," and where things in general are adjusted to such a state, then would Thomas Moore be the Laureate of that bright and tight little island.

But it is alarming to find that we have not yet got through twenty-five pages out of some hundred or two, and that the Irish Melodies are not yet nearly exhausted. Not a few of the best known of Moore's songs, including "Oft in the stilly Night", are to be found in the division of National Airs which is as a whole a triumph of that extraordinary genius for setting which has been already noticed. Here is "Flow on thou shining River", here the capital "When I touch the String", on which Thackeray loved to make variations. But "Oft in the stilly Night" itself is far above the others. We do not say "stilly" now: we have been taught by Coleridge (who used to use it freely himself before he laughed at it) to laugh at "stilly" and "paly" and so forth. But the most acrimonious critic

may be challenged to point out another weakness of the same kind, and on the whole the straightforward simplicity of the phrase equals the melody of the rhythm.

The Sacred Songs need not delay us long for they are not better than sacred songs in general, which is saying remarkably little. Perhaps the most interesting thing in them is the well-known couplet,

"This world is but a fleeting show
For man's illusion given—"

which, as has justly been observed, contains one of the most singular estimates of the divine purpose anywhere to be found. But Moore might, like Mr. Midshipman Easy, have excused himself by remarking, "Ah! well, I don't understand these things." The miscellaneous division of Ballads, Songs, &c., is much more fruitful. "The Leaf and the Fountain," beginning "Tell me, kind seer, pray thee," though rather long, is singularly good of its kind—the kind of half-narrative ballad. So in a lighter strain is "The Indian Bark." Nor is Moore less at home after his own fashion in the songs from the Anthology. It is true that the same fault may be found here which has been found with his *Anacreon*, and that it is all the more sensible because at least in some cases the originals are much higher poetry than the pseudo-Teian. To the form and style of *Meleager* Moore could not pretend; but as these are rather songs on Greek motives than translations from the Greek, the slackness and dilution matter less. But the strictly miscellaneous division holds some of the best work. We could no doubt dispense with the well-known ditty (for once very nearly the "rubbish" with which Moore is so often and so unjustly charged) where Posada rhymes of necessity to Granada, and where, quite against the author's habit, the ridiculous term "*Sultana*" is fished out to do similar duty in reference to the *Dulcinea*, or rather to the *Mari-tornes* of a muleteer. But this is

quite an exception, and as a rule the facile verse is as felicitous as it is facile. Perhaps no one stands out very far above the rest: perhaps all have more or less the mark of easy variations on a few well-known themes. The old comparison that they are as numerous as notes, as bright, as fleeting, and as individually insignificant, comes naturally enough to the mind. But then they are very numerous, they are very bright, and if they are fleeting, their number provides plenty more to take the place of that which passes away. Nor is it by any means true that they lack individual significance.

This enumeration of a few out of many ornaments of Moore's muse will of course irritate those who object to the "brick-of-the-house" mode of criticism; while it may not be minute enough, or sufficiently bolstered by actual quotation, to please those who hold that simple extract is the best, if not the only tolerable form of criticism. But the critic is not alone in finding that, whether he carry his ass or ride upon it, he cannot please all his public. What has been said is probably enough, in the case of a writer whose work, though as a whole rather unjustly forgotten, survives in parts more securely even than the work of greater men, to remind readers of at least the outlines and bases of his claim to esteem. And the more those outlines are followed up, and the structure founded on those bases is examined, the more certain, I think, is Moore of recovering, not the position which M. Vallat would assign to him of the greatest lyrist of England (a position which he never held and never could hold except with very prejudiced or very incompetent judges), not that of the equal of Scott or Byron or Shelley or Wordsworth, but still a position high enough and singularly isolated at its height. Viewed from the point of strictly poetical criticism, he no doubt ranks only with those poets who have expressed easily and acceptably the likings and passions and thoughts and fancies of the average

man, and who have expressed these with no extraordinary cunning or witchery. To go further in limitation, the average man, of whom he is thus the bard, is a rather sophisticated average man, without very deep thoughts or feelings, without a very fertile or fresh imagination or fancy, with even a touch—a little touch—of cant and “gush” and other defects incident to average and sophisticated humanity. But this humanity is at any time and every time no small portion of humanity at large, and it is to Moore’s credit that he sings its feelings and its thoughts so as always to get the human and durable element in them visible and audible through the “trappings of convention.” If he does not always ring true, a much smaller part of him rings false than happens with far more pretentious poets. Again, he has that all-saving touch of humour which enables him, sentimentalist as he is, to be an admirable comedian as well. Yet again, in carrying out these various, not always very elevated or dignified, functions of his, he has the two qualities

which one must demand of a poet who is a poet, and not a mere maker of rhymes. His note of feeling, if not full or deep, is true and real. His faculty of expression is not only considerable, but it is also distinguished: it is a faculty which in the same measure and degree nobody else has possessed. On one side he had the gift of singing those admirable songs—songs in every sense of the word—of which we have been talking. On the other, he had the gift of right satiric verse to a degree which only three others of the great dead men of this century in England—Canning, Praed, and Thackeray—have reached, and of a stamp which was not identical with anything of theirs. Besides all this, he was a “considerable man of letters.” But your considerable men of letters, after flourishing, turn to dust in their season, and other considerable or inconsiderable men of letters spring out of it. The true poets and even the true satirists abide, and both as a poet and a satirist Thomas Moore abides and will abide with them.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

RIGHT AND WRONG.

UNDER this title there appeared lately a paper by Mr. W. S. Lilly,¹ in which he deplors the influence of physical science on ethical theory. Though there are obvious objections to the treatment of philosophical questions in a brief and popular form, there is also something to be said for attempting from time to time to present their main issues unencumbered, as far as possible, by technicalities. With Mr. Lilly's main position, so far as it can be inferred from his article, I agree; but I propose to remark on some points which might perhaps have been better commended by a somewhat different treatment, and further to use the opportunity of the discussion for a few words on the general question concerned.

About half of the article is occupied by an exposition, or rather description, of "the new morality," by which is meant an ethical system including ethics in the domain of Physical Science, and announcing itself necessarily in some form of Hedonism, or Utilitarianism, some theory which makes pleasure the end of moral action. As representatives of Hedonism he quotes Mr. Herbert Spencer, Dr. Huxley, Mr. John Morley, Mr. Cotter Morison, M. Littré, and a nameless "popular professor in the Paris school of medicine," who lately announced to his pupils that "when the rest of the world has risen to the intellectual level of France, &c., the present crude notions regarding morality, religion, divine providence, deity, the soul, and so forth, will be swept away." It will be observed that in this remarkable group, Mr. Spencer is the only one, I believe, who has attempted any special and detailed treatment of moral philosophy. There

are surely others who might have been included to give a fair representation of the main tenets of the Utilitarian school. No mention is made, for instance, of Professor Henry Sidgwick, who would certainly have to be reckoned with in any deliberate controversy with the Hedonist school of moralists. In one passage (p. 69) Mr. Lilly proposes to "look at the old precept 'Thou shalt not commit adultery' in the light of the new morality;" and "if pleasure be the sanction of ethics", the only argument he will allow the new moralist to address to an intending offender is, "It is for the general interest, which is in truth your own interest, that you should forbear. Some day, when you marry, some one may seduce your wife." Not only Mr. Sidgwick but most other Utilitarians would, I feel sure, repudiate the argument here presented as a gross travesty of their reasoning. They are amply competent to take care of themselves in controversy: let us not strengthen their hands by giving them cause to charge us with misrepresentation such as this. And in the statement of both his adversaries' position and his own Mr. Lilly shows a tendency to rhetorical amplification which should be carefully avoided in such discussions. The question of the foundation of the sense of right and wrong is a philosophical and theoretic one (whatever practical effects may follow its decision), and as such let it be debated. I hold, with Mr. Lilly, that "not among the beggarly elements of the external universe, but in the inner world of consciousness, of volition, of finality, we are to seek the ultimate bases of right and duty." But this epithet of "beggarly" were far better away. The question is not what is beggarly or unbeggarly, dignified or

¹ "Fortnightly Review," January, 1888.

degrading, but simply what is true. I rejoice to think that what I believe to be true happens also to be the more dignified theory, but this is not to be used as an argument for its acceptance. Persuasion is the aim of rhetoric: the discovery of truth is the aim of philosophy.

These considerations are only emphasized by the conviction that our theory of right and wrong is bound up with the purely intellectual question of our theory of knowledge and consciousness. The subject is long, my space is short: it will be best to attempt (with full consciousness of the risk of its uselessness) some very brief outline of the position as I conceive it. It is not necessary to be a minute student of philosophic systems to grasp the main issues. A very moderate acquaintance with Plato or Kant would supply some framework for the convictions of an Intuitionist or Transcendentalist: a moderate period of reflection would probably suffice in most cases for decision this way or that. Only it must be steady reflection, concentrated thought. Possibly it might without presumption be doubted whether there have not been great thinkers (and among them some of the most illustrious discoverers and expositors in Physical Science) who have never seriously confronted these primary philosophic issues. Or perhaps we shall have to think that (as has, I believe, sometimes been said) a man is born either a Transcendentalist or a Phenomenalist, a believer either in the universe of thought or in that of sensation as the primary reality. Briefly stated, I take the fundamental position of the Transcendentalist (underlying a hundred metaphysical theories) to be of this kind. We answer the Phenomenalist's appeal to experience by demanding that it shall be an appeal to the whole of experience. And in the intellectual and in the moral world we find certain remainders not reducible into elements regulated by the law of material nature. In the moral world, howsoever the Determi-

nist, who denies the freedom of the will, may analyse a moral action into a mechanical sequence of cause and effect, the consciousness of an act of will, of moral choice, remains. Howsoever the Hedonist may analyse the motive into a pursuit of pleasure, for the individual or the race, the consciousness remains of a law of right and wrong transcending this, not to be reduced into alien elements, and indeed only to be described vaguely (as it seems to me) as a striving after the realization of a moral ideal. Still more decisive and far-reaching is the consideration that any analysis of the mind into a "flux of sensations" and "states of consciousness" will not account for thought. There must be a perceptive and apprehensive power beneath these to present them in intelligible order, and in this power must surely be to us the primal reality, transcending all phenomenal data. It may be further maintained that while, as intelligence, this power, this free spirit, relates and determines its perceptions, so also, as will, it forms from its impulses objects of conscious desire and purpose, and among these moral ideals which it seeks to realise. The object with which for the time it identifies itself is the object of will. Thus will is not a separate faculty, nor yet a mere resultant of natural forces, but an expression of the spirit, thinking and desiring, choosing among desires, identifying itself with an object of thought and desire. These conclusions are entirely independent of the advance of Physical Science, and of all phenomenal knowledge. They cannot be effected by such investigations as, for instance, those of the Psychical Society, however valuable and interesting these may be in themselves. It is not by any phenomenal evidence, but by a necessity of the understanding that they convince us of the existence of a spiritual principle in the universe.

But it is one thing to adopt these main principles, it is another thing to adopt any particular metaphysical

system that may be based on them, or to suppose that any such system can be erected with the same completeness and distinctness that belong to Physical Science. Metaphysicians too often seem to claim to give the same satisfaction in their kind as physical scientists do in theirs, and hardly to recognise how Metaphysic both challenges and is baffled by the limits of human intelligence. For instance, to assert the independence and reality of the spiritual principle and of its necessity in perception and in will, is to assert what is not only (as it seems to us) true, but also intelligible. But when (as we repeatedly find in metaphysical works) the epithet "eternal", meaning "not in time", is bestowed on this principle, which at the same time is said to realize itself gradually in man, we are made aware that we have stepped from firm ground into a void where the human mind cannot sustain itself—or at any rate that we have left the language of philosophy for that of religion or of poetry. Can the word eternal be intelligibly applied to a conceivable thing, except comparatively, that is, as expressing permanence through a period in which other things change? We can distinctly conceive nothing except in time and space, and even though we may be obliged to think of some things as not in time, the relations of these to things in time can hardly be thinkable. Eternity and infinity are negative terms, and cannot intelligibly be predicated of the subjects of gradual development. Again, though we can convict the Determinist, as I have said, of leaving a remainder unaccounted for in a moral act, we can hardly, perhaps, pretend to explain that act with the completeness with which it would have been explained if the Determinist theory had been true. Once more, the Hedonist definition of the end of moral action as the greatest happiness of the greatest number doubtless escapes a charge inevitably incident to the transcendental ethics—the charge that in defining that end we are compelled

to move in a circle which brings us back to our starting point. The end of moral action, we say, is a moral ideal, an idea which the good will seeks to realize; and being asked what is the good will, we can only say that it is the will which seeks to realize that idea. Not the less are we prepared to show that when Hedonist utilitarianism appears to avoid this circle by saying that the "unconditional good," is pleasure, the advantage gained is altogether illusory, because the end in that case is not a moral one at all. In the words of the late Professor Green, [*"Prolegomena to Ethics,"* p. 205]:

"If we say that the unconditional good is pleasure, and that the good-will is that which in its effects turns out to produce most pleasure on the whole, we are certainly not chargeable with assuming in either definition the idea to be defined. We are not at once explaining the unconditional good by reference to the good will, and the good will by reference to the unconditional good. But we only avoid doing so by taking the good will to be relative to something external to itself, to have its value only as a means to an end wholly alien to, and different from, goodness itself. Upon this view the perfect man would not be an end in himself; a perfect society of men would not be an end in itself. By such a theory we do not avoid the logical embarrassment attending the definition of a moral ideal; for it is not a moral ideal, in the sense naturally attached to that phrase, that we are defining. By a moral ideal we mean some type of man or character or personal activity, considered as an end in itself."

Is not reasoning such as that contained in these weighty sentences worth many pages of declamation against "uncouth shibboleths" of a "sect of Physicists" and their "stifling empirical doctrines"?

Whether attention to the points here touched upon may have any effect either in influencing those who are disposed to reduce ethical theory to a department of Physical Science to a reconsideration of the real "data of ethics," or on the other hand in persuading metaphysicians to a franker acknowledgement of the necessary vagueness of many of their definitions,

I cannot tell. But at least I hope that these remarks may perhaps do something toward their more immediate and simpler purpose. This is that they may contribute to the expression of the conviction of the truest friends of philosophy, that in discussion of these matters rhetoric should be sedulously eschewed. Such discussions may indeed lead us, as has been said above, into regions belonging to poetry rather than to philosophy. Hence the symbolic myths of Plato, and the old saying about him, that when he can no longer walk, he flies. Only when we reach this point let us not deceive ourselves as to whether we are on firm ground or in the air. But in whatever way philosophy may regard her relation to poetry, with rhetoric at any rate she ought to have no dealings. Yet how seldom is this remembered by philosophers, especially moral philosophers. And the declamation that many of them have expended upon the degradation of adopting a Hedonist system of ethics is not only wasted, but tends also to foster an injurious and false impression that those who withhold assent from the Hedonist principles are, or think themselves, morally superior to their opponents. It ought not to be necessary to say that the moral superiority of the Hedonist who acts well over the Transcendentalist who acts ill is no whit affected by the question as to which is philosophically, that is, intellectually, right in his analysis of the principles of moral conduct. We may go further, and freely allow that of all moral theories that have had practical influence in the modern world Utilitarianism has done the best service. It has helped to challenge and overthrow social abuses, to make social institutions reasonable and equitable, to vindicate the claims of the neglected and oppressed, and generally to give a wider and juster range to the desire to do good. There may be something of accident and coincidence in this; at any rate it does not in the least show that the same beneficial action may not

be taken by those who hold a conflicting theory. It has been the ready applicability of Utilitarianism, with its criterion of the greatest happiness of the greatest number, which has made it so serviceable in testing and reforming public institutions. But the existence of public spirit, and of all moral good, is independent of the current theories on its analysis, or the analysis of its aims. And this suggests a truth which it would perhaps be too much of a digression to dwell on here—the far greater capacity and dignity of man as a moral than as an intellectual being. We have seen how baffling are the limits of his intelligence; and even within these limits how feeble it is. A heroic moral act, even a feeling of absolute love or trust or devotion, is perfect in itself: the greatest intellectual achievements of men are full of obvious defects and limitations. It is not by the fruit of the tree of knowledge, as the serpent promised, that man can really approach the divine; but in a moment of self-sacrifice he is, for that moment, a part and peer of Gods.

The considerations suggested, or recalled, in this paper must needs present a somewhat aphoristic, but I hope not dogmatic, appearance. I must in conclusion say one word of protest on the final paragraph of Mr. Lilly's article, in which he deplores and rails against the unidealism of "the British mind" as something peculiar and "congenital" to it. Such impeachments, and their contradiction, are alike hard to verify, especially without more knowledge than I possess of contemporary continental writers. But is this anything more than a random statement? Would it be borne out by comparison of the attitude of the best British teachers, even in the field of Physical Science, with the attitude of corresponding teachers on the Continent—by comparison, for instance, of Darwin with Hæckel? Has not a sheer and intolerant materialism found its most conspicuous advocacy and adhesion in France

and Germany? And is there nothing inspiring in our great naturalist's modest loyalty to truth, and in his ardent faithfulness in her service? Mr. Lilly speaks of Mr. Spencer's writings on ethics, but he makes no reference to that profound and elaborate work of Mr. Green which I have quoted above. Yet the latter writer, so far as I have gathered, is at least as influential as Mr. Spencer in the English university where philosophy is most studied, and which therefore may be taken as, in some sense, a sample of philosophical thought in this country. As compared with this charge against "the British mind" there seems to me far more of truth as well as of impressiveness in a remark of some French critic that I remember reading, to the effect that the cause of England's preeminence in poetry (accepted by the critic as certain) is to be found in the deeply religious character

of her national genius. We have of late had before us a discreditable—I might say a revolting—instance of a politician's attempt to palliate his own baseness by self-righteous horror at the sins of his country, for whose policy he has been more than any living man responsible. Let us on all subjects beware of any approach toward this ignoble pharisaism. By all means let each one of us search out and correct our national faults (we have our full share), but not in a separate and superior attitude. As in every man are mixed good and bad, so of the good and bad alike one part is due to his country's nature and history, another part to his own. We shall respect him most who is disposed to attribute the greater part of the evil to himself, and the greater part of the good to his country.

ERNEST MYERS.

THE BIRD OF DAWNING.

THESE morns of March,
In the still dark before the break of day,
A Blackbird comes to pipe his deep-toned lay,
Safe in the citadel of lime or larch.

That lonely note!
It murmured in the river of my dream,
Like the faint undersong within the stream,
A call familiar from a realm remote.

Waking, I heard
Mellow and loud, the minstrel of the tree
Scattering the gold of liberal melody,—
The kingly exultation of the Bird.

When all is o'er,
From Life's blind slumber shall I wake to hear
The loved, the silenced voices, close and clear,
Tormented with desire and doubt no more?

THE SPANISH COLLEGE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF BOLOGNA.¹

DAILY the indefatigable omnibus of the Hotel Brun at Bologna disgorges its tale of tourists into the noisy paved courtyard. The first thought with all is, very properly, the hour of dinner: the second with most is, very improperly, the hour of the earliest express on the morrow. Of those who remain to explore Bologna, few are aware that within a short walk of their hotel is to be found an institution absolutely unique outside the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Between the Via Belfiore and the two streets which converge into the Via Saragozza lies a triangular island inclosed by walls. Herein lies the Spanish College, the sole survivor of the numerous colleges which once graced, or as educational reformers would believe, disgraced the universities of Italy, France, Germany, and Spain. "This is," says Denifle, "weakly though it be, a survival of the Middle Ages, the solitary example on the Continent." The Spanish College is no seminary for the education of pupils in a particular faculty, nor is it an aggregation of lecture-rooms. It is a corporation consisting of a Rector, and of, what would be called in England, Bachelor Fellows: it holds real property, and its principle is still the idea of a common home for students of a common nationality, which was the basis of most of the colleges of the Middle Ages. Its members matricu-

late in the University, and take their degrees in the ordinary course. But the visitor will not find a large number of undergraduates residing within its walls, though excluded from the corporation. This is a peculiar and comparatively modern accretion of the English college. The Spanish College is in a manner the All Souls of Bologna, whilst the status of its Fellows has some resemblance to the now obsolete Tabernards of Queen's at Oxford. The building itself is a small English college translated into Italian. By the gateway is the porter's lodge, opposite it is the chapel, adjoining the latter, upon the first floor, the Rector's lodgings. The quadrangle contains a well, a more practical form of the Mercury of Christ Church; and on each of its two lateral sides are the Fellows' rooms, on the ground and on the first floor, but, being in Italy, they are naturally protected by a *loggia*, or open corridor. Opposite the chapel and over the entrance are the dining-hall, the library, and the common rooms. In addition to this there is a fine hall of reception in which hang the few portraits that have been spared to the College, while it possesses a luxury to which even All Souls has not yet attained,—an excellent billiard-room.

But to the visitor from an English university perhaps the most interesting feature of all consists in the Fellows' rooms. They are an almost exact reproduction on a small scale of those which house our own undergraduates. The sitting-room and the bedroom communicate, and both are inexpensively but comfortably furnished. There is the same modest supply of books, the same erratic taste in pictures: we find an occasional piano or other instrument of torture: we become acquainted with

¹ This article is mainly based upon the notes and documents published, in 1880 at Madrid, by Don Pedro Borja-o y Herrera and Don Hermenegildo Giner de los Rios; partly on two visits made by the writer. The account of the College given by Sepulveda is invaluable but scanty. Illustrative matter has been gleaned from Don Vicente de la Fuente, "Historia de las Universidades en España," Madrid, 1885, and from Denifle, "Die Universitäten des Mittelalters," Berlin, 1885.

the features of the owner's nearest or prettiest relations: the pair of foils replaces the cricket-bat and the racquet. May it be added that the bedroom is infinitely cleaner?

Sepulveda, himself a member of the College, has left a vivid picture of its appearance early in the sixteenth century. The library then adjoined the chapel: the hall had enjoyed a pleasant view of the Apennines, but was too far from the kitchen, and another room had recently been used. He describes the tennis-court and the shady garden with its canopy of vines, and dwells with enthusiasm on its well-drained cellar. The quadrangle was then adorned with trees and shrubs: "In the middle of the College lies a court planted here and there with trees, with laurel, box, and jessamine, as people call the plant." The ornamental parts of the College, the façade, the gallery, the portico and the chapel have been remodelled or rebuilt; but the little vaulted rooms are probably much the same as when they were first inhabited, nor has time destroyed the picturesqueness of the garden.

The origin of the Spanish College dates from the golden age of collegiate life, and few save royal foundations can boast a more distinguished parent than Cardinal Albornoz. He was employed by the Papal Court of Avignon in the apparently hopeless task of recovering its territorial possessions. He was a soldier, a statesman, and an administrator of the first order, and he carried his commission through. Bologna became naturally the centre of his operations. The town owed to him its canal, and in return, he determined that its University should benefit his countrymen. In his will, made at Ancona in 1364, he appointed the future College his residuary legatee; but even before his death, he provided his relation, Alvarez de Albornoz, and his chamberlain with sufficient funds for the purchase of land and the building of the College, which was completed in 1367. Shortly

before the founder's death, Albornoz himself drew up the statutes, which most unfortunately no longer exist, and Alvarez de Albornoz resigned his office into the hands of Alvaro de Martinez, the first Rector elected according to statute, by the members of the College. Under the founder's will the site of the College was to be within convenient distance to the schools: it was to contain a chapel, a courtyard, lodgings, and a garden, and the endowment was sufficient to support a Rector, twenty-four students who were to reside for eight years, and two chaplains. Albornoz himself called his foundation *La Casa Española*, but its official title became *Collegium majus Sancti Clementis Hispanorum*.

Solitary survival as the Spanish College now is, at the time of its birth it had many sisters. The fourteenth century was pre-eminently the age of collegiate foundations, though not a few may date from the thirteenth. In the Cardinal's own University of Toulouse three colleges had been founded between 1337 and 1360, two more in 1363, another in 1364, while three immediately followed the foundation of the Spanish College. He was thus thoroughly acquainted with the collegiate system. In Bologna itself it had long existed. Its first college, intended for scholars of Avignon, had been founded in February, 1257, the same month and year to which the Sorbonne owed its origin, though the character of the latter was different. Since then a College for natives of Brescia was built in 1326, and another for students of Reggio in 1362-3. At Paris a very large number of colleges was founded in the course of the century, almost all of a national or provincial character. At Oxford the foundation of Queen's precedes, that of New College shortly follows the Spanish College. At Cambridge, Pembroke, Gonville, Trinity Hall, Corpus, and Clare are all within twenty years of it. The same may be said of the earliest colleges of Padua, Perugia,

Montpellier, Avignon, Cahores. The great Collegium Carolinum of Prague dates from 1366, and the first colleges at Heidelberg and Vienna fall within the century. Colleges have been more tenacious of life in Spain than in any other continental country, but no greater mistake can be made than to suppose that the Cardinal brought his system from his native country. The earliest college, that of Lerida, can hardly have existed: the second, the famous Collegio mayor de San Bartolom of Salamanca, was founded consciously on the lines of the Spanish College of Bologna in 1401. It served also as a model, at the request of the people of Siena, for a college which, in 1408, Gregory the Twelfth formed out of the Casa della Misericordia. Foundations at Valladolid and Alcalá, at Seville and Salamanca, owe their origin, their privileges or their statutes to their compatriot at Bologna. It is noticeable also that a second college for Spaniards was founded at Bologna, funds connected with which apparently existed until quite recently.

The Casa Española prospered, if it did not grow. Favours were showered upon it from all quarters. Charles the Fifth placed its doctors on an equal footing with those of Salamanca and Valladolid. Philip the Second recognised the degrees taken by its members as equivalent to those taken in the national universities, a privilege rarely conferred on foreigners. Its servants wore the royal livery. The Popes were even more practical in their patronage. They exempted the College from taxation, civil or ecclesiastical, and gave it the right of annual presentation to one of the Spanish prebends reserved to the Papacy. The Rector had the grant of jurisdiction, civil, criminal and ecclesiastical, over all members and servants of the College. Equally liberal was the Senate of Bologna, which exempted the College from contributions to the town, and excluded the building from the town-numbering, as being Spanish territory. In the eighteenth century it regarded

the College as a Casa Nobile, with the result that the Municipal authorities had to be invited to the Founder's days.

The natural result of the prosperity of the College was that it early came into collision with the University. There were grave questions of precedence which had to be referred to the government of the town. The most important was settled by the governor, the Bishop of Concordia, in 1436, who decided that the Rector should rank second to the Rector of the University. But to modern readers there was a far more interesting cause of jealousy between the College and the University. Within the College lectures were given in all the branches of study to which the members devoted themselves; and so excellent was the teaching provided by these lectures that the professors of the University found their own classes dwindling. No doubt the Bolognese professors, like their modern compeers, were righteously indignant that the college tutor should demean himself so far as to lecture with a view to "the schools." At all events they preferred their complaints on the subject to the Senate of Bologna. The latter acted in a spirit of compromise quite foreign to a modern Government University Commission. It ordered the discontinuance of the obnoxious lectures, but directed that four professorial Chairs should be given to members of the College. The modern tutor might well be content with such a compromise.

A lighter form of skirmishing was carried on between the students and the Jews, if that may be called a skirmish where the fighting is all on one side. It appears the students had acquired the habit of snowballing the Jews, who finally compounded by a handsome gratuity. The subsequent expulsion of the latter by the town was obviously a dead loss to the College; but in compensation, on the first day of snow, several snowballs were presented upon a silver waiter to the municipal authorities, who thereon

paid the scat originally exacted from the Jews. A similar ceremony took place at the presentation of the Rector to the Legate, the Archbishop, and the Gonfalonier, but as the Rector was elected at the beginning of May, it is difficult to see, even in Bologna, whence the snow can have been procured. Whatever truth the story may contain the fact remains that the presentation was called "The Gift of Snow."

The life of the College for the first century and a half of its existence was apparently solely connected with the affairs of the University. The only exception may be said to have been the shelter which it afforded to the first printers in Bologna, who were driven within its walls by an outbreak of the copyists who saw their occupation gone. The first book said to have been printed within the College, a manual on Law, by Pedro, Bishop of Brescia, is still one of the treasures of the library.

The establishment of the Spanish power in Italy necessarily gave the College a political complexion which was not favourable to its best interests. The tendency to interfere in Italian politics very early showed itself. In 1511 the students joined the Spanish troops allied to Julius the Second in the attack upon Mirandola, and lost two killed and one prisoner. The French troops, who restored the Bentivoglio dynasty lodged in the College, and, as usual, looted it. The Spanish war of Succession was the cause of a fresh series of troubles. In 1703 the Duke of Castiglione was sheltered in the College during his negotiations with the Prince of Mirandola for the admission of French troops into his garrisons. The students seem warmly to have espoused the cause of Phillip the Fifth; but in 1708 General Daun removed the Bourbon arms, and temporarily shut up the College, which he forced in 1709 to recognise Charles, though it does not appear to have resumed work till 1715. Equally serious were the events of the wars which followed.

In 1735 the Duke of Montemar took up his quarters in the College, which became a voluntary arsenal for munitions of war. In 1743 the Fellows gave up their rooms to wounded officers from the field of Campo Santo, and when the Austrians compelled the retreat of the Spanish troops on Naples, more than one hundred of these poor fellows were left in the town. These had recourse to the Rector for means of escape: he collected barges which were professedly to be freighted with grain from the College estates, and shipped the officers down to Comacchio.

That the College survived the French Revolution is perhaps the surest test of its vitality. After the establishment of the Cisalpine Republic it was deprived of many of its privileges, and probably only saved from extinction by the exertion of Talleyrand. It dragged out a precarious existence until 1812, when by Napoleon's orders the agricultural property was confiscated under pretence of debts due from the Spanish Government. The furniture and the portraits of old members were sold. The latter must have been more interesting than artistically meritorious, for they were knocked down at an all-round price of two francs the dozen. At this period paintings by Rafael disappeared from the College, and the great fresco representing the coronation of Charles the Fifth by Pope Clement was irretrievably ruined. The College was put up to auction, and, finding no purchaser, was converted into a workhouse. The library was fortunately saved by Mezzofanti, who secured it for the town, by which it was afterwards restored. On the return of peace the re-establishment of the College was made the subject of negotiations between the Papal, Austrian, and Spanish Governments. The original estates were irrecoverable, but the College was endowed with lands of a corresponding value, situated chiefly in the March of Ancona.

The ship had weathered the storm,

but very nearly foundered in the calm which succeeded. In 1853 a royal ordinance deprived the College of its most cherished privilege, that the degrees taken at Bologna should rank as those taken in the national universities. On the death of the Rector in 1855 the Dean, Don J. Maria Irazoqui, received, instead of a notification of the appointment of a successor, an order to deliver over to one Marliani the whole of the College property within the space of twenty-four hours. The Dean foresaw that the transference of the property to a Government Commission was but a stepping-stone to the suppression of the College. There was apparently a project for transferring the revenues to the support of a Seminary at Rome. Such action on the part of the Spanish Government of those days would correspond to a scheme on the part of an English Government for transferring collegiate revenues to the support of technical education in the large towns. Practical utility would be urged in both cases. A somewhat later, but still more imbecile, idea was the conversion of the College into a School of Art for Spanish painters. Re-painting rather than painting would certainly have been the natural result of study in the Pinacotheca of Bologna. The Dean, however, stood up manfully for the sacredness of the founder's wishes, and for the cause of liberal education. The privileges and the prestige of five centuries could not be transferred to the growth of a day. "The result," he writes, "would be the extinction of a foundation which has produced men of such renown, with the object of creating another whose members would study with a view to successful competition for ecclesiastical prizes rather than to eminence in research."

The gallant Dean was no mere obstructive: he was prepared with a new scheme better adapted to the exigencies of the day, and he won his cause, receiving for reward his appointment as Rector. The last

great danger which the College had to undergo was due to the establishment of the new kingdom of Italy. In 1861 the Government decreed the sequestration of the College: its seals were put upon the doors of the Bursary, and the Rector was forbidden to interfere in the administration of the revenues. Here again Irazoqui was successful by means of timely appeal to the Spanish Government. Nor was he forgetful of the interests of his colleagues. He made in 1875 an application for the increase of the Fellows' stipend. He represented that the sum of four hundred *reals* (about four pounds of our money) allowed under the statutes of 1365 were quite inadequate to meet modern necessities, and petitioned for its increase to three thousand *reals* (about thirty-two pounds). The stipends were raised, but not to this amount. It is doubtful if the revenues could have supported the charge, for the net income in 1873 amounted to not more than thirty-five thousand, one hundred and nineteen *lire* (about fourteen hundred and five pounds).

This slight historical sketch will show that the Spanish College had a reason for its existence which was the cause of its vitality. Notwithstanding the great power of the University of Bologna the College was not out-grown by, nor absorbed in, the University-system, as has been usually the case on the Continent. The shocks which it has suffered have been purely the result of external political circumstances, arising mainly from the position held by the Spanish crown in Italy, which rather endangered than guaranteed its existence. The sole exception perhaps was the threatened Government Commission of 1855, which was the more dangerous because it was a self-conscious mania for reform, and a pedantic governmental fussiness which ten years previously had closed the career of the whole collegiate system in the mother country.

If however what may be called the external history of the College has its interest, its internal life as illustrated by its statutes gives a far more vivid idea of collegiate life in Italian or Spanish universities. Every member of a university is of course aware that statutes may survive long after they have ceased to be operative; yet it may safely be averred that in all cases there has been a time when they had a practical meaning.

The earliest statutes were modified by several of the Popes of the Renaissance: some of those made in 1536 are still preserved, though the complete scheme from which the following details have been extracted belongs to 1648, and was the work of the Protector, the Cardinal de la Cueva. In it, however, are imbedded a great portion of the earlier statutes, subject to modifications intended to meet the change of circumstances. The editor of Sepulveda's works states that the statutes framed by him in 1536 still for the most part ruled the College at the date of publication in 1780. Moreover those of 1648 closely resemble many collegiate statutes of the fifteenth century. The College now consisted of the Rector, thirty-one members, and four chaplains. The Rector must be in orders, at least twenty-five years old, and a member of at least two years' standing. He was elected on May 1st, held office for one year and was not re-eligible. The method of election was that peculiar mixture of voting and lot well known in the Italian municipalities. The names of all members of over six months' standing were inclosed in balls of wax and thrown into a basin of water. One of the chaplains, with his eyes carefully shut, drew ten names, and out of these ten another chaplain then drew three. The members thus drawn were the electors. They were themselves ineligible, were allowed to hold no communication with the other members, nor to eat and drink until they had com-

pleted the election. If they agreed upon a candidate no more formalities were necessary; but if they could not decide between two or three candidates the basin was brought into play again, and the Rector drawn by lot. Notwithstanding the obvious element of chance, the election was perhaps not more liable to accident than that of Heads of Colleges at the present day. A chaplain with his eyes shut will occasionally make as good a choice as a Fellow with his eyes open.

The Rector once elected was a person of great importance during his year of office. Not only was he the second personage in the University, but he might be elected to the Rectorship of the University, in which case however the College economically withdrew his Fellowship and salary, giving him only an allowance of wine. He exercised a general supervision over the discipline and the estates of the College, and twice a year he was required by statute to inspect the Fellows' rooms. Young and inexperienced, however, as he must often have been, it was necessary to prevent negligence or favouritism by as severe and detailed a scale of penalties as that applied to the other members of the College. He exercised jurisdiction—civil, criminal, and ecclesiastical—over all persons connected with the College; but his action was checked by the direct intervention of the Cardinal Protector, and by the yearly visitation of the Archbishop of Bologna and the Abbot of St. Michele del Monte. His year of office did not count among the eight years of the tenure of his Fellowship, and he received a salary of one hundred and fifty pounds Bolognese (a little more than six pounds of our own money). Of this however one-third was only paid on his vacating office in the event of good behaviour, while two-thirds had to be spent in dress "for the credit of the College." A survival of a similar idea may possibly be seen in the tall hat and black coat which the most light-hearted of laymen

think it proper to adopt in England on election to the Headship of a House. The Rector held College meetings from time to time, but ordinary business was transacted with the aid of a committee of four, who were annually elected by lot. An unpleasant part of his duties was the obligation to remain in Bologna in the case of plague. In this event two companions were chosen by lot, unless indeed two members volunteered. The same practice prevailed in Spain. Pedro Torres in his diary relating to Salamanca writes: "On July 6, 1507, the members of the College drew lots for the plague."

Of the thirty-one members, ten were to be students in Theology and twenty-one in Law, Medicine being now excluded. They must have studied at least four years in a Spanish university, and have taken or qualified for the degree of Bachelor. If Canonists they must have studied both Canon and Civil Law, and if Theologians, Philosophy, Theology, and Grammar. No encouragement was given to those nervous, uncomfortable students who are always changing their minds and their schools. A member once elected must adhere to his Faculty, though he might study other subjects in addition. The right of presentation lay with the Bishop and Chapter of the dioceses with which the Founder had been connected, while three presentations were reserved for Founder's kin. If there were not qualified members, or if the Bishops failed to present and the College therefore declined in numbers, it was empowered to nominate from other dioceses.

All candidates must be at least twenty-one years of age, and must be of legitimate birth and Christians born and bred (*Christianos viejos*): there was to be no taint of Jewish or Moorish blood. This qualification existed in Sepulveda's time, but it probably dated from the fanatical period of Ferdinand and Isabella. At Sigüenza, the "new Christians" were expelled in 1497. The riches of the

father did not disqualify, but a limitation was placed on the private income of the candidate. Members of Religious Orders were not admitted as candidates, nor those suffering from infectious diseases or other inconvenient complaints. Nor might a candidate be married, nor have been a servant at another College, nor must he have a father, brother, uncle or nephew in the College.

The candidate was expected to reside in Bologna for thirty days, was then subjected to an examination in *viva voce*, and finally to the ballot. It appears doubtful if the College often or ever reached the full numbers of the Foundation, and this perhaps is not surprising. Thirty days previous acquaintance, an examination in *viva voce*, and the use of the ballot, might keep down the number of Fellows in many a college—to say nothing of the previous qualification of *Christiano viejo*.

Once admitted the young Fellow fared well. The complaints which Londoners make as to the sleeping accommodation of an Oxford college would have been hypercritical. The beds of the Spanish College were required to have the normal number of legs, two woollen mattresses, one of straw or feathers, a pillow equally well stuffed, two blankets and four sheets. The sheets were to be washed at least once a month under penalty of a fine of five *soldi* (twopence halfpenny). Besides this, the furniture consisted of a chest with lock and key, a copy of the statutes, presses for clothes and books, a reading-desk, and other tables necessary for study.

The diet may be regarded as monotonous. It consisted of soup, the quality of which was to be regulated by the Rector, two pounds of veal, which on fast-days was to be replaced by fish and eggs, and dessert to the value of five *soldi*. There were only two meals a day. If a student for devotional reasons wished to fast he was allowed the full commons for the day at breakfast. On feast-days an addition was made to the fare of half

a fowl or pigeon, or a capon from the College estates. No private delicacies were allowed to be brought into hall, nor was eating or drinking permitted in private rooms except when strangers were invited to dine by the members with the Rector's permission.

Strict regulations were made as to behaviour and dress when the members of the College left its walls. During the hours of lecture they must only use the streets leading direct to the schools. No member was allowed to go out without a companion; but a senior might always call upon a junior to accompany him on his walk, and a severe penalty was attached to refusal on the part of the unfortunate junior. The dress consisted of a black gown reaching to the heels, with sleeves and a wide collar, and a *beca* of purple cloth. The latter was a kind of hood, which however fell over the shoulder and chest. In Spain its various colours distinguished one college from another. The Spanish students at Bologna also wore the woollen scapular, which the Italians had discarded "as an uncomfortable and useless encumbrance." The modern undergraduate who abhors the use of academicals would endorse Sepulveda's criticism on the conservatism of the College Dons. "This, if I may say what I think, is a nuisance with which we might well dispense, as being both inconvenient and undignified. We should indeed have done so long ago, but for the obstinate opposition of certain Conservative bores." Boots and stockings must be black, and the head-dress was to be a decent *sombrero* adorned only with a twisted cord. Inside the walls the black gown of the College was to be worn, and no light suits were allowed in chapel. Two gowns of black cloth and two purple hoods were given by the College to each Fellow in the course of his eight years' residence. The Rector only was allowed to array himself on public occasions in expensive silk or cloth cassock and gown, and, contrary to present etiquette at Oxford, pictures represent him as wearing

elaborate gloves. In Spain at Alcalá the presentation of gloves formed a part of the ceremony on taking the Doctor's degree, a custom which has descended to the modern University of Madrid. Statutes upon dress are notoriously the hardest to observe; and as at Oxford the black or subfusc raiment is not invariably worn, and as undergraduates may be seen in the streets without cap or gown, so at Bologna, at a somewhat later date than these statutes, we are told that the students of the Spanish College were in the habit of dressing *à la Francesca*. At the present day apparently it is only the Rector who even possesses a gown, and the dress of the students is unexceptionably modern, and eminently non-academic. If the stranger is anxious as to the costumes of the old Spanish University, he will most easily find these at Coimbra. Great attention was naturally paid to the religious needs of the College. The chaplains were not members of the Corporation, and they had no right of attendance at College meetings; but they lived in common with the Fellows, and like them had their commons and their allowance of oil and candles for midnight study. They were permitted to study Theology or Canon Law, but were not allowed to hold any office which might clash with these duties. If they took their degrees the College allowed them four pounds Bolognese (about three shillings and fourpence) for purposes of entertainment. Chapel was compulsory twice a day, but attendance was rewarded by four pounds (Bolognese) a year, while absence was punished by deprivation of battels. On feast-days, if a member was late for mass he lost his wine for breakfast, and if he was not in before the gospel he sacrificed his portion of fowl. Under pain of expulsion the members were obliged to confess at Christmas, Easter, and the Assumption of the Virgin, and the Rector also on All Saints' Day.

Study was not necessarily very severe. Each student must devote

one or two hours a day to his faculty either in his own room or in the library. It was the business of the Visitor to ascertain that each student gave satisfactory proof of his year's work. Every Saturday evening there was a debate, in which each member in order of seniority had to maintain three conclusions on subjects connected with his faculty. These were posted on the hall-door the previous evening. The argument was opened by the youngest member, and the Rector had the duty of directing the debate and of summing up. A strong feeling of *esprit de corps* existed in the College, and every precaution was taken that it should not be disgraced by the idleness or stupidity of its members. No Fellow might read his exercise for his degree in public, until it had been previously heard in College and received a majority of votes. A member might read a paper in the chapel, which was open to the public, but only after it had received the sanction of his companions. So, too, with due licence from the College, he might give lectures within or without its walls. If any Fellow sought a post or a Chair in the University, all members of the College were bound to help him.

The Fellows probably worked hard, for there was little else to do. Brutal athleticism was conspicuous by its absence. The occasional mention of stables is not sufficient warrant for the existence of hunting, or possibly even of riding men. They were probably intended for the cart-horses or oxen from the estates, and for the bailiff's mules. But, as a great treat, a game of ball might be played on feast-days after dinner, but only with moderation and for a limited time. For this purpose there was a court behind the chapel, and the game was probably that of *pallone*, a kind of tennis which is still played by professionals at Bologna. Cards and dice were absolutely prohibited, except between Christmas and Easter, when they might be played under Rectorial supervision

and in the Rectorial reception-room. But strangers were strictly excluded from all these unseemly pastimes. Nor was music regarded with any great favour, though a Fellow was allowed to sing or play in his rooms if he could do so without disturbing his colleagues or the neighbours. Strict rules were made against masquerading and dancing: the dances prohibited must have been of what is popularly known as a Spurgeonic character. The general discipline was strict. Blasphemy, bad language, fighting or quarrelling were severely punished. Theft was treated with comparative leniency. No ladies were admitted, even under pretence of attending service, or visiting the chapel. The Rector however might give leave for the admission of a mother or sister, or any female relation to whom no suspicion could possibly attach. After lock-up, the gate could only be opened by express permission of the Rector. But young men are alike at all times, and it was found necessary to inflict severe penalties on those who climbed over walls, or got out and in by windows. The walls of the College were high, and the benighted Spaniard had not the advantages offered by the top of a hansom cab; but doubtless even in those days a convenient policeman was willing to give "a leg up" for a consideration. The substantial Spanish or Italian *reja* must, however, have been much less easily removable than the English window-bar.

The scale of punishments was very precise. For ordinary breaches of discipline the sound principle was adopted that the heart is most easily touched through the stomach, and the deprivation of part or all of the day's commons was the usual form of punishment, even for the chaplains. But pecuniary fines were also frequently imposed; and for severer offences members might be locked up in their rooms or even in prison, rusticated for a period, or expelled.

The regulations respecting the propriety of the College were admirable.

Within ten months of admission every member must make himself acquainted with its property within the walls of Bologna, and within two years he must visit all the agricultural estates. But no Fellow was allowed to pay such visits unless accompanied by the proper authorities. Unauthorised junior Fellows of an English college have been known to create a panic among the tenants by making amateur proposals for a peasant-tenantry. The danger at Bologna was of a more practical character. The authorities feared that the needy Fellow might take a holiday at the expense of the College. Twice a year the Rector and the councillors went on progress round the Estates, and six times a year the whole College had a picnic, for which double commons were allowed. The Rector had, as has been seen, the general supervision of the Estates, but the Bursar (*Economo*) was a great personage. The members had formerly managed the estates, but their competence had not been remarkable, and under the statutes of 1648, the Cardinal Protector nominated a Spanish or Italian Bursar, not a member of the College, but a man with a practical knowledge of agriculture and agricultural contracts. He held office for three years, but might be reappointed. He had the letting of the farms by public auction. He collected the rents, which might be paid in money if it were considered advantageous, provided that sufficient wine and grain were reserved for the use of the College. He was personally present on the estates at sowing-time and at harvest. He saw that the land was properly manured, and that the conditions of the leases were kept with regard to rotation of crops and cutting of timber. The supervision of repairs was also one of his functions, though he was limited in the amount which he could spend without the leave of a College meeting. He was also domestic Bursar. He must see that the meat bought was of good quality and weight, and he must buy at advantage and

with ready money. All salaries were paid by him, and he was obliged to keep an inventory of furniture, and proper books of account, which were annually presented to the Cardinal Protector; moreover he was audited every three months by the Rector. A book containing a list of the estates and their rents was kept in the library, so that all the members might have an opportunity of inspecting it. The debtors of the College paid money not to the Bursar, but to the Monte di Pieta, or other safe depository. On this the Bursar drew by means of a cheque signed by the Rector; but if the amount exceeded two hundred pounds (Bolognese), the Councillors must also sign. No alienation of the College estates or of its books was permitted, though the outlying properties might be exchanged with the consent of the Cardinal Protector. More prudent than recent University Commissions the statutes provided not only for growth of income but for its possible diminution. Extra table-allowances were first to be sacrificed, and then the stipends of the Rector, Officers and Fellows of the College were to be diminished. In case of increase of value the unearned increment was to be invested in land, and half the proceeds to be given to poor "unattached" Spanish students in Bologna.

All important transactions concerning the estates had to be signed by each member of the College, as being a co-proprietor. The seal and valuable documents were kept in a chest in the chapel, of which the Rector and each of the councillors had a key; but the chest could only be opened by the five keys at once. All documents were to be copied, and negligence with regard to them was visited by severe penalties.

Equal precautions were taken with regard to the library. The catalogue was to be carefully kept. No book was to be taken out under pain of excommunication, and if a book were thus lost its value was to be replaced, and meanwhile the loser forfeited his commons and his salary, and was

expelled if he failed to indemnify the College. Readers were directed to handle books carefully, not to leave them lying open, and the last man in the library was to shut the door under penalty of a fine. It is obvious on which side the Cardinal de la Cueva's vote would have been counted in the debate on lending books from the Bodleian Library.

The rest of the establishment consisted of a bailiff, to assist the Rector and Bursar in the management of the estates, a skilful cook and under-cook, a manciple, four servants and a porter. The manciple was responsible for the marketing: the porter might be an old man, and his chief function was to keep out of the College the boys who used to pester the students on their return home. Of the servants, one waited on the Rector, two on the Fellows, while the fourth cleaned the stairs and public rooms. Attached to the College were a doctor, a surgeon, a notary and an advocate who were usually paid in kind by grain and grapes. A barber and a washerwoman also attended weekly.

Such were the statutes which in the main governed the Foundation until the new scheme of 1876 came into force. In 1757-8 however an important change was made in the position of the Rector, who, in consequence of an unseemly dispute on the election, was henceforth nominated by the Crown from among past or present members of the College, while the office became more or less a permanent appointment.

Under the scheme of 1876, the College was to consist of a Rector, two Chaplains, eight Fellows, a *Contador* and an *Economo* (senior and junior Bursar). The Rector is appointed by the Crown. He must have resided at least three years in the College, must be over twenty-eight years of age and under forty-five. Married Heads of Houses are not regarded with favour. For the Rectorship, a bachelor or widower without children is preferred: at all events, if the Rector is married,

his family is not allowed to live in the College. As of old, he has the general superintendence of the property and of discipline. It is interesting to find that the penalties contemplated by the new statutes consist usually of "gating."

The Fellows must be of legitimate birth, between eighteen and twenty-four years of age, and they must have taken the degree of Bachelor. They receive free board, lodging, service and medical attendance and an income of five hundred *lire* (twenty pounds sterling), while the College now defrays the expenses of matriculation. The new statutes still regard them as heirs of the Founder. They take formal possession of the property of the College in the presence of a notary, and their signatures are required in any important transactions connected with it. There are few detailed clauses as to study and discipline. A thesis has to be written once a year, which should be forwarded to the Secretary of State. Of the eight Fellows, the Archbishop of Toledo was to nominate two, who were to devote themselves to Theology or Canon Law. Two students of Jurisprudence were to be appointed by the Rector of the Central University of Spain: two nominations fell to the Secretary of State, one to the Rector of the Spanish College and one to the family of the Founder. Members appointed by the Secretary of State are expected to study diplomacy, while one at least of the remaining two should devote himself to scientific agriculture. A ninth place was open to any candidate of the Founder's family who was otherwise qualified. The statutable numbers however have never been kept up. In 1797, there were ten Fellows. In 1874 there were four, exclusive of the Rector. At the time of my visit there were apparently five, and of the two with whom I had the pleasure of making acquaintance, one was studying for the diplomatic career, the other was working at Natural Science. Their opinion was that their own country offered an equally good

education in Law, but that the Natural Science school of Bologna was far superior. Regulations appear to have been relaxed ever since the last statutes, under which there was a resident chaplain who said mass daily, though attendance at chapel was only compulsory on feast-days. The resident chaplain and the daily service have disappeared. The stern old regulations as to the admission of ladies have become a dead letter. It is doubtful indeed whether the authorities have risen to the pitch of liberality attained elsewhere, and that the fair *artistes* of the Bologna theatres are permitted to grace by their presence the services on Sunday evening; but at all events English ladies are allowed to enter under pretence of visiting the chapel, even without the special licence of the Rector. It is possible that they may be classed among "those female relatives, to whom no suspicion can possibly attach."

Notwithstanding such modifications, no institution perhaps of such an age has in the main followed so closely in the lines laid by its Founder. Any

divergence has been rather in the direction of quantity than of quality. The Spanish College has retained to a remarkable degree its national exclusiveness, survivals of which still linger in the form of provincialism in the English universities, sometimes accounting for the traditional enmities of certain colleges, the origin of which has been long forgotten. It shares, too, with the English colleges the very great merit of providing a common society for men whose studies lie in opposite directions; whereas, on the Continent, most of the modern so-called colleges, the clubs, and the seminaries are based on the narrow principle that birds of a faculty should flock together. Small as the Spanish College is, and narrow as is its sphere of action, it is yet a living protest against the principle which is almost universal upon the Continent, and which is rapidly infecting England, that education consists solely in the acquisition of knowledge. For this, and for other reasons, let us hope that it may live long.

E. ARMSTRONG.

THE REVERBERATOR.¹

III.

THE young ladies consented to return to the Avenue de Villiers, and this time they found the celebrity of the future. He was smoking cigarettes with a friend, while coffee was served to the two gentlemen (it was just after luncheon), on a vast divan, covered with scrappy oriental rugs and cushions: it looked, Francie thought, as if the artist had set up a carpet-shop in a corner. She thought him very pleasant; and it may be mentioned, without circumlocution, that the young lady ushered in by the vulgar American reporter, whom he didn't like, and who had already come too often to his studio to pick up "glimpses" (the painter wondered how in the world he had picked *her* up), this charming candidate for portraiture struck Charles Waterlow on the spot as an adorable model. She made, it may further be declared, quite the same impression on the gentleman who was with him, and who never took his eyes off her while her own rested, afresh, on several finished and unfinished canvasses. This gentleman asked of his friend, at the end of five minutes, the favour of an introduction to her: in consequence of which Francie learned that his name (she thought it singular) was Gaston Probert. Mr. Probert was a smooth, smiling youth, with a long neck and a very tall collar: he was represented by Mr. Waterlow as an American, but he pronounced the American language (so at least it seemed to Francie) as if it had been French.

After Francis had quitted the studio with Delia and Mr. Flack (her father, on this occasion, was not of the party),

the two young men, falling back upon their divan, broke into expressions of æsthetic rapture, declared that the girl had qualities—oh, but qualities, and a charm of line! They remained there for an hour, contemplating these rare properties in the smoke of their cigarettes. You would have gathered from their conversation (though, as regards much of it, only perhaps with the aid of a grammar and dictionary) that the young lady possessed plastic treasures of the highest order, of which she was evidently wholly unconscious. Before this, however, Mr. Waterlow had come to an understanding with his visitors—it had been settled that Miss Francina should sit for him at his first hour of leisure. Unfortunately that hour presented itself as still remote, and he was unable to make a definite appointment. He had sitters on his hands—he had at least three portraits to finish before going to Spain. And he adverted with bitterness to the journey to Spain—a little excursion laid out precisely with his friend Probert for the last weeks of the spring, the first of the southern summer, the time of the long days and the real light. Gaston Probert re-echoed his regrets, for though he had no business with Miss Francina (he liked her name), he also wanted to see her again. They half agreed to give up Spain (they had, after all, been there before), so that Waterlow might take the girl in hand without delay, the moment he had knocked off his present work. This amendment did not hold, however, for other considerations came up, and the artist resigned himself to the arrangement on which the Miss Dossons had quitted him: he thought it so characteristic of their nationality that they should settle a matter of that sort for themselves.

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This was simply that they should come back in the autumn, when he should be comparatively free: then there would be a margin, and they might all take their time. At present, before long (by the time he should be ready), the question of Miss Francina leaving Paris for the summer would be sure to come up, and that would be a tiresome interruption. She liked Paris, she had no plans for the autumn, and only wanted a reason to come back about the twentieth of September. Mr. Waterlow remarked humorously that she evidently bossed the shop. Meanwhile, before starting for Spain, he would see her as often as possible—his eye would take possession of her.

His companion envied him his eye: he intimated that he was jealous of his eye. It was perhaps as a step towards establishing his right to be jealous that Mr. Probert left a card upon the Miss Dossons at the Hôtel de l'Univers et de Cheltenham, having first ascertained that such a proceeding would not, by the young American sisters, be regarded as an unwarrantable liberty. Gaston Probert was an American who had never been in America, and he was obliged to take counsel on such an emergency as that. He knew that in Paris young men didn't call at hotels on honourable damsels; but he also knew that honourable damsels didn't visit young men in studios; and he had no guide, no light that he could trust, save the wisdom of his friend Waterlow, which, however, was for the most part communicated to him in a derisive and misleading form. Waterlow, who was after all himself an ornament of the French, and the very French, school, jeered at his want of national instinct, at the way he never knew by which end to take hold of a compatriot. Poor Probert was obliged to confess that he had had terribly little practice, and in the great medley of aliens and brothers (and even more of sisters), he couldn't tell which was which. He would have had a country and coun-

trymen, to say nothing of countrywomen, if he could; but that matter had not been settled for him, and there is a difficulty in settling it for one's self. Born in Paris, he had been brought up altogether on French lines, in a family which French society had irrecoverably absorbed. His father, a Carolinian and a Catholic, was a Gallomaniac of the old American type. His three sisters had married Frenchmen, and one of them lived in Brittany and the others much of the time in Touraine. His only brother had fallen, during the terrible year, in defence of their adoptive country. Yet Gaston, though he had had an old Legitimist marquis for his godfather, was not legally one of its children: his mother had, on her deathbed, extorted from him the promise that he would not take service in its armies: she considered, after the death of her elder son (Gaston, in 1870, was a boy of ten), that the family had borne sufficient witness to a merely constructive allegiance.

The young man therefore, between two stools, had no clear sitting-place: he wanted to be as American as he could and yet not less French than he was: he was afraid to give up the little that he was and find that what he might be was less—he shrank from a flying leap which might drop him in the middle of the sea. At the same time he was aware that the only way to know how it feels to be an American is to try it, and he had many a purpose of making the westward journey. His family, however, had been so completely Gallicised that the affairs of each member of it were the affairs of all the rest, and his father, his sisters and his brothers-in-law had not yet sufficiently made this scheme their own for him to feel that it was really his. It was a family in which there was no individual, but only a collective property. Meanwhile he tried, as I say, by safer enterprises, and especially by going a good deal to see Charles Waterlow in the Avenue de Villiers, whom he believed to be his

dearest friend, formed for his affection by Monsieur Cabanel. He had an idea that in this manner he kept himself in touch with his countrymen; and he thought he tried especially when he left that card on the Misses Dosson. He was in search of freshness, but he need not have gone far: he need only have turned his lantern upon his own young breast to find a considerable store of it. Like many unoccupied young men at the present hour, he gave much attention to art, lived as much as possible in that alternative world, where leisure and vagueness are so mercifully relieved of their crudity. To make up for his want of talent he espoused the talent of others (that is, of several), and was as sensitive and conscientious about them as he might have been about himself. He defended certain of Waterlow's purples and greens as he would have defended his own honour; and in regard to two or three other painters had convictions which belonged almost to the undiscussable part of life. He had not, in general, a high sense of success, but what kept it down particularly was his indocile hand, the fact that, such as they were, Waterlow's purples and greens, for instance, were far beyond him. If he hadn't failed there, other failures would not have mattered, not even that of not having a country; and it was on the occasion of his friend's agreement to paint that strange, lovely girl, whom he liked so much and whose companions he didn't like, that he felt supremely without a vocation. Freshness was there at least, if he had only had the method. He prayed earnestly, in relation to methods, for a providential reinforcement of Waterlow's sense of this quality. If Waterlow had a fault, it was that he was sometimes a little stale.

He avenged himself for the artist's bewildering treatment of his first attempt to approach Miss Francie by indulging, at the end of another week, in a second. He went about six o'clock, when he supposed she would have re-

turned from her day's wanderings, and his prudence was rewarded by the sight of the young lady sitting in the court of the hotel with her father and sister. Mr. Dosson was new to Gaston Probert, but the visitor's intelligence embraced him. The little party was as usual expecting Mr. Flack at any moment, and they had collected down stairs, so that he might pick them up easily. They had, on the first floor, an expensive parlour, decorated in white and gold, with sofas of crimson damask; but there was something lonely in that grandeur, and the place had become mainly a receptacle for their tall trunks, with a half-emptied paper of chocolates or *marrons glacés* on every table. After young Probert's first call his name was often on the lips of the simple trio, and Mr. Dosson grew still more jocose, making nothing of a secret of his perception that Francie hit the bull's-eye "every time." Mr. Waterlow had returned their visit, but that was rather a matter of course, because it was they who had gone after him. They hadn't gone after the other one: it was he who had come after them. When he entered the hotel, as they sat there, this pursuit, and its probable motive, became startlingly vivid.

Delia had taken the matter much more gravely than her father: she said there was a great deal she wanted to find out. She mused upon these mysteries visibly, but without advancing much, and she appealed for assistance to George Flack, with a candour which he appreciated and returned. If he knew anything he ought to know who Mr. Probert was; and she spoke as if it would be in the natural course that he should elicit the revelation by an interview. Mr. Flack promised to "nose round": he said the best plan would be to let the results should "come back" to her in *The Reverberator*: he appeared to think that the people could be persuaded that they wanted about a column on Mr. Probert. His researches, however, were fruitless, for in spite of

the one fact the girl was able to give him as a starting-point, the fact that their new acquaintance had spent his whole life in Paris, the young journalist couldn't scare up a single person who had even heard of him. He had questioned up and down, and all over the place, from the Rue Scribe to the far end of Chaillot, and he knew people who knew others who knew every member of the American colony: that select body which haunted poor Delia's imagination, glittered and re-echoed there in a hundred tormenting roundabout glimpses. That was where she wanted to get Francie, as she said to herself: she wanted to get her right in there. She believed the members of this society to constitute a little kingdom of the blest; and she used to drive through the Avenue Gabriel, the Rue de Marignan and the wide vistas which radiate from the Arch of Triumph and are always changing their names, on purpose to send up wistful glances to the windows (she had learned that all this was the happy quarter) of the enviable but unapproachable colonists. She saw these privileged mortals, as she supposed, in almost every victoria that made a languid lady with a pretty head flash past her, and she had no idea how little honour this theory sometimes did her expatriated countrywomen. Her plan was already made to be on the field again the next winter and take it up seriously, this question of getting Francie in.

When Mr. Flack said to her that young Probert's set couldn't be either the rose or anything near it, since the oldest inhabitant had never heard of them, Delia had a flash of inspiration, an intellectual flight that she herself didn't measure at the time. She asked if that didn't perhaps prove on the contrary quite the opposite—that they were just the cream and beyond all others. Wasn't there a kind of inner circle, and weren't they somewhere about the centre of that? George Flack almost quivered at this pregnant suggestion from so unusual a quarter, for he

guessed on the spot that Delia Dosson had divined. "Why, do you mean one of those families that have worked down so far, you can't find where they went in?"—that was the phrase in which he recognized the truth of the girl's idea. Delia's fixed eyes assented, and after a moment of cogitation George Flack broke out—"That's the kind of family we want a sketch of!"

"Well, perhaps they don't want to be sketched. You had better find out," Delia had rejoined.

The chance to find out might have seemed to present itself when Mr. Probert walked in that confiding way into the hotel; for his arrival was followed, a quarter of an hour later, by that of the representative of *The Reverberator*. Gaston liked the way they treated him; though demonstrative it was not artificial. Mr. Dosson said they had been hoping he would come round again, and Delia remarked that she supposed he had had quite a journey—Paris was so big; and she urged his acceptance of a glass of wine or a cup of tea. She added that that wasn't the place where they usually received (she liked to hear herself talk of "receiving"), and led the party up to her white and gold saloon, where they should be so much more private: she liked also to hear herself talk of privacy. They sat on the red silk chairs, and she hoped Mr. Probert would at least taste a sugared chestnut or a chocolate; and when he declined, pleading the imminence of the dinner-hour, she murmured, "Well, I suppose you're so used to them—living so long over here." The allusion to the dinner-hour led Mr. Dosson to express the wish that he would go round and dine with them without ceremony: they were expecting a friend—he generally settled it for them—who was coming to take them round.

"And then we are going to the circus," Francie said, speaking for the first time.

If she had not spoken before she had done something still more to the

purpose : she had removed any shade of doubt that might have lingered in the young man's spirit as to her charm of line. He was aware that his Parisian education, acting upon a natural aptitude, had opened him much—rendered him perhaps even more morbidly sensitive—to impressions of this order : the society of artists, the talk of studios, the attentive study of beautiful works, the sight of a thousand forms of curious research and experiment, had produced in his mind a new sense, the exercise of which was a conscious enjoyment, and the supreme gratification of which, on several occasions, had given him as many ineffaceable memories. He had once said to his friend Waterlow : “ I don't know whether it's a confession of a very poor life, but the most important things that have happened to me in this world have been simply half-a-dozen impressions—impressions of the eye.” “ Ah, *malheureux*, you're lost ! ” the painter had exclaimed, in answer to this, and without even taking the trouble to explain his ominous speech. Gaston Probert, however, had not been frightened by it, and he continued to be thankful for the sensitive plate that nature (with culture added), enabled him to carry in his brain. The impression of the eye was doubtless not everything, but it was so much gained, so much saved, in a world in which other treasures were apt to slip through one's fingers ; and above all it had the merit that so many things gave it and that nothing could take it away. He had perceived in a moment that Francie Dosson gave it ; and now, seeing her a second time, he felt that she conferred it in a degree which made acquaintance with her one of those “ important ” facts of which he had spoken to Charles Waterlow. It was in the case of such an accident as this that he felt the value of his Parisian education—his modern sense.

It was therefore not directly the prospect of the circus that induced him to accept Mr. Dosson's invitation ; nor was it even the charm exerted by the girl's appearing, in the few words

she uttered, to appeal to him for herself. It was his feeling that, on the edge of the glittering ring, her type would form his entertainment, and that if he knew it was rare, she herself didn't. He liked to be conscious, but he didn't like others to be. It seemed to him, at this moment, after he had told Mr. Dosson he should be delighted to spend the evening with them, that he was indeed trying hard to discover how it would feel to be an American : he had jumped on the ship, he was pitching away to the west. He had led his sister, Mme. de Brécourt, to expect that he would dine with her (she was having a little party), and if she could see the people to whom, without a scruple, with a quick sense of refreshment and freedom, he now sacrificed her ! He knew who was coming to his sister's, in the Place Beauvau : Mme. d'Outreville and M. de Grospré, old M. Courageau, Mme. de Brives, Lord and Lady Trantum, Mlle. de Saintonge ; but he was fascinated by the idea of the contrast between what he preferred and what he gave up. His life had long been wanting—painfully wanting—in the element of contrast, and here was a chance to bring it in. He seemed to see it come in powerfully with Mr. Flack, after Miss Dosson had proposed that they should walk off without their initiator. Her father did not favour this suggestion : he said, “ We want a double good dinner to-day, and Mr. Flack's got to order it.” Upon this Delia had asked the visitor if he couldn't order—a Frenchman like him ; and Francie had interrupted, before he could answer the question—“ Well, are you a Frenchman ? that's just the point, isn't it ? ” Gaston Probert replied that he had no wish but to be of *her* nationality, and the elder sister asked him if he knew many Americans in Paris. He was obliged to confess that he didn't, but he hastened to add that he was eager to go on, now that he had made such a charming beginning.

“ Oh, we ain't anything—if you

mean that," said the young lady. "If you go on, you'll go on beyond us."

"We ain't anything here, my dear, but we are a good deal at home," Mr. Dosson remarked, smiling.

"I think we are very nice anywhere!" Francie exclaimed: upon which Gaston Probert declared that they were as delightful as possible. It was in these amenities that George Flack found them engaged; but there was none the less a certain eagerness in his greeting of the other guest, as if he had it in mind to ask him how soon he could give him half an hour. I hasten to add that, with the turn the occasion presently took, the correspondent of *The Reverberator* renounced the effort to put Mr. Probert down. They all went out together, and the professional impulse, usually so irresistible in George Flack's mind, suffered a modification. He wanted to put his fellow-visitor down, but in a more human, a more passionate, sense. Probert talked very little to Francie, but though Mr. Flack didn't know that on a first occasion he would have thought that violent, even rather gross, he knew it was for Francie, and Francie alone, that the fifth member of the party was there. He said to himself suddenly, and in perfect sincerity, that it was a mean class any way, the people for whom their own country was not good enough. He didn't go so far, however, when they were seated at the admirable establishment of M. Durand, in the Place de la Madeleine, as to order a bad dinner to spite his competitor; nor did he, to spoil this gentleman's amusement, take uncomfortable seats at the pretty circus in the Champs Elysées to which, at half-past eight o'clock, the company was conveyed (it was a drive of but five minutes) in a couple of cabs. The occasion therefore was superficially smooth, and he could see that the sense of being disagreeable to an American newspaper-man was not needed to make his nondescript rival enjoy it. He hated his accent,

he hated his laugh, and he hated above all the lamblike way their companions accepted him. Mr. Flack was quite acute enough to make an important observation: he cherished it and promised himself to bring it to the notice of his gullible friends. Gaston Probert professed a great desire to be of service to the young ladies—to do something which would help them to be happy in Paris; but he gave no hint of an intention to do that which would contribute most to such a result—bring them in contact with the other members, and above all with the female members, of his family. George Flack knew nothing about the matter, but he required, for purposes of argument, that Mr. Probert's family should have female members, and it was lucky for him that his assumption was just. He thought he foresaw the effect with which he should impress it upon Francie and Delia (but above all upon Delia, who would then herself impress it upon Francie), that it would be time for their French friend to talk when he had brought his mother round. *But he never would*—they might bet their pile on that. He never did, in the sequel, in fact,—having, poor young man, no mother to bring. Moreover he was mum (as Delia phrased it to herself) about Mme. de Brécourt and Mme. de Cliché: such, Miss Dosson learned from Charles Waterlow, were the names of his two sisters who had houses in Paris—gathering at the same time the information that one of these ladies was a *marquise* and the other a *comtesse*. She was less exasperated by their non-appearance than Mr. Flack had hoped, and it did not prevent an excursion to dine at St. Germain, a week after the evening spent at the circus, which included both of Francie's new admirers. It also, as a matter of course, included Mr. Flack, for though the party had been proposed in the first instance by Charles Waterlow, who wished to multiply opportunities for studying his future sitter, Mr. Dosson had characteristically constituted himself

host and administrator, with the young journalist as his deputy. He liked to invite people and to pay for them, and he disliked to be invited and paid for. He was never inwardly content, on any occasion, unless a great deal of money was spent, and he could be sure enough of the magnitude of the sum only when he himself spent it. He was too simple for conceit or for pride of purse, but he always felt that any arrangements were a little shabby as to which the expenses had not been referred to him. He never told any one how he met them. Moreover Delia had assured him that if they should go to St. Germain as guests of the artist and his friend, Mr. Flack would not be of the company: she was sure those gentlemen would not invite him. In fact she was too acute, for though he didn't like him, Charles Waterlow would on this occasion have made a point of expressing by a hospitable attitude his sense of obligation to a man who had brought him such a subject. Delia's hint, however, was all-sufficient for her father: he would have thought it a gross breach of friendly loyalty to take part in a festival not graced by Mr. Flack's presence. His idea of loyalty was that he should scarcely smoke a cigar unless his friend was there to take another, and he felt rather mean if he went round alone to get shaved. As regards St. Germain, he took over the project, and George Flack telegraphed for a table, on the terrace, at the Pavillon Henri Quatre. Mr. Dosson had by this time learned to trust the European manager of *The Reverberator* to spend his money almost as he himself would.

IV.

DELIA had broken out the evening they took Mr. Probert to the circus: she had apostrophised Francie as they sat, each in a red damask chair, after ascending to their apartments. They had bade their companions farewell at

the door of the hotel, and the two gentlemen had walked off in different directions. But up stairs they had instinctively not separated: they dropped into the first place and sat looking at each other and at the highly-decorated lamps that burned, night after night, in their empty saloon. "Well, I want to know when you're going to stop," Delia said to her sister, speaking as if this remark were a continuation, which it was not, of something they had lately been saying.

"Stop what?" asked Francie, reaching forward for a *marron*.

"Stop carrying on the way you do—with Mr. Flack."

Francie stared, while she consumed her *marron*: then she replied, in her little flat, patient voice, "Why, Delia Dosson, how can you be so foolish?"

"Father, I wish you'd speak to her. Francie, I ain't foolish."

"What do you want me to say to her?" Mr. Dosson inquired. "I guess I've said about all I know."

"Well, that's in fun: I want you to speak to her in earnest."

"I guess there's no one in earnest but you," Francie remarked. "These are not so good as the last."

"No, and there won't be, if you don't look out. There's something you can do if you'll just keep quiet. If you can't tell difference of style, well, I can."

"What's the difference of style?" asked Mr. Dosson. But before this question could be answered Francie protested against the charge of carrying on. Quiet? wasn't she as quiet as a stopped clock? Delia replied that a girl wasn't quiet so long as she didn't keep others so; and she wanted to know what her sister proposed to do about Mr. Flack. "Why don't you take him, and let Francie take the other?" Mr. Dosson continued.

"That's just what I'm after—to make her take the other," said his elder daughter.

"Take him—how do you mean?" Francie inquired.

"Oh, you know how."

"Yes, I guess you know how!" Mr. Dosson laughed, with an absence of prejudice which might have been thought deplorable in a parent.

"Do you want to stay in Europe or not? that's what I want to know," Delia declared to her sister. "If you want to go bang home, you're taking the right way to do it."

"What has that got to do with it?" asked Mr. Dosson.

"Should you like so much to reside at that place—where is it?—where his paper is published? That's where you'll have to pull up, sooner or later," Delia pursued.

"Do you want to stay in Europe, father?" Francie said, with her small sweet weariness.

"It depends on what you mean by staying. I want to go home some time."

"Well, then, you've got to go without Mr. Probert," Delia remarked, with decision. "If you think he wants to live over there——"

"Why, Delia, he wants dreadfully to go—he told me so himself," Francie argued, with passionless pauses.

"Yes, and when he gets there he'll want to come back. I thought you were so much interested in Paris."

"My poor child, I *am* interested!" smiled Francie. "Ain't I interested, father?"

"Well, I don't know how you could behave differently, to show it."

"Well, I do, then," said Delia. "And if you don't make Mr. Flack understand, I will."

"Oh, I guess he understands—he's so bright," Francie returned.

"Yes, I guess he does—he *is* bright," said Mr. Dosson. "Good-night, chickens," he added; and wandered off to a couch of untroubled repose.

His daughters sat up half an hour later, but not by the wish of the younger girl. She was always passive, however, always docile when Delia was, as she said, on the war-path, and though she had none of her sister's insistence she was very courageous in

suffering. She thought Delia whipped her up too much, but there was that in her which would have prevented her from ever running away. She could smile and smile for an hour without irritation, making even pacific answers, though all the while her companion's grossness hurt something delicate that was in her. She knew that Delia loved her—not loving herself meanwhile a bit—as no one else in the world probably ever would; and there was something droll in such plans for her—plans of ambition which could only involve a loss. The real answer to anything, to everything, Delia might say, in her moods of prefigurement, was: "Oh, if you want to make out that people are thinking of me, or that they ever will, you ought to remember that no one can possibly think of me half as much as you do. Therefore, if there is to be any comfort for either of us we had both much better just go on as we are." She did not, however, on this occasion, meet her sister with this syllogism, because there happened to be a certain fascination in the way Delia set forth the great truth that the star of matrimony, for the American girl, was now shining in the east—in England and France and Italy. They had only to look round anywhere to see it: what did they hear of every day in the week, but of the engagement of one of their own compeers to some count or some lord? Delia insisted on the fact that it was in that vast, vague section of the globe to which she never alluded save as "over here" that the American girl was now called upon to play, under providence, her part. When Francie remarked that Mr. Probert was not a count nor a lord, her sister rejoined that she didn't care whether he was or not. To this Francie replied that she herself didn't care, but that Delia ought to, to be consistent.

"Well, he's a prince compared with Mr. Flack," Delia declared.

"He hasn't the same ability; not half."

"He has the ability to have three

sisters who are just the sort of people I want you to know."

"What good will they do me?" Francie asked. "They'll hate me. Before they could turn round I should do something—in perfect innocence—that they would think monstrous."

"Well, what would that matter if he liked you?"

"Oh, but he wouldn't, then! He would hate me too."

"Then all you've got to do is not to do it," Delia said.

"Oh, but I should—every time," her sister went on.

Delia looked at her a moment. "What *are* you talking about?"

"Yes, what am I? It's disgusting!" And Francie sprang up.

"I'm sorry you have such thoughts," said Delia, sententiously.

"It's disgusting to talk about a gentleman—and his sisters, and his society, and everything else—before he has scarcely looked at you."

"It's disgusting if he isn't just dying; but it isn't, if he is."

"Well, I'll make him skip!" Francie went on.

"Oh, you're worse than father!" her sister cried, giving her a push as they went to bed.

They arrived at St. Germain, with their companions, nearly an hour before the time that had been fixed for dinner: the purpose of this being to enable them to enjoy, with what remained of daylight, a stroll on the celebrated terrace, with its noble view of Paris. The evening was splendid and the atmosphere favourable to this entertainment: the grass was vivid on the broad walk beside the parapet, the park and forest were fresh and leafy, and the prettiest golden light hung over the curving Seine and the far-spreading city. The hill which forms the terrace stretched down among the vineyards, with the poles delicate yet in their bareness, to the river, and the prospect was spotted, here and there, with the red legs of the little sauntering soldiers of the garrison. How it came, after Delia's warning in regard

to her carrying on (especially as she had not failed to feel the force of her sister's wisdom), Francie could not have told herself: certain it is that before ten minutes had elapsed she perceived, first, that the evening would not pass without Mr. Flack's taking in some way, and for a certain time, peculiar possession of her; and then that he was already doing so, that he had drawn her away from the others, who were stopping behind them to exclaim upon the view, that he made her walk faster, and that he ended by interposing such a distance that she was practically alone with him. This was what he wanted, but it was not all: she felt that he wanted a very great deal more. The large perspective of the terrace stretched away before them (Mr. Probert had said it was in the grand style), and he was determined to make her walk to the end. She felt sorry for his determinations: they were an idle exercise of a force intrinsically fine, and she wanted to protest, to let him know that it was really a waste of his great cleverness to count upon her. She was not to be counted on: she was a vague, soft, negative being who had never decided anything and never would, who had not even the merit of coquetry, and who only asked to be let alone. She made him stop at last, telling him, while she leaned against the parapet, that he walked too fast; and she looked back at their companions, whom she expected to see, under pressure from Delia, following at the highest speed. But they were not following: they still stood there, only looking, attentively enough, at the absent members of the party. Delia would wave her parasol, beckon her back, send Mr. Waterlow to bring her: Francie looked from one moment to another for some such manifestation as that. But no manifestation came; none, at least, but the odd spectacle, presently, of the group turning round and, evidently under Delia's direction, retracing its steps. Francie guessed in a moment what was meant

by that : it was the most definite signal her sister could have given. It made her feel that Delia counted on her, but to such a different end, just as poor Mr. Flack did, just as Delia wished to persuade her that Mr. Probert did. The girl gave a sigh, looking up at her companion with troubled eyes, at the idea of being made the object of converging policies. Such a thankless, bored, evasive little object as she felt herself ! What Delia had said in turning away was—"Yes, I am watching you, and I depend upon you to finish him up. Stay there with him—go off with him (I'll give you half an hour if necessary), only settle him once for all. It is very kind of me to give you this chance ; and in return for it I expect you to be able to tell me this evening that he has got his answer. Shut him up !"

Francie didn't in the least dislike Mr. Flack. Interested as I am in presenting her favourably to the reader, I am yet obliged, as a veracious historian, to admit that he seemed to her decidedly a brilliant being. In many a girl the sort of appreciation she had of him might easily have been converted, by peremptory treatment from outside, into something more exalted. I do not misrepresent the perversity of women in saying that our young lady might at this moment have replied to her sister with : "No, I was not in love with him, but somehow, since you are so very prohibitive, I foresee that I shall be if he asks me." It is doubtless difficult to say more for Francie's simplicity of character than that she felt no need of encouraging Mr. Flack in order to prove to herself that she was not bullied. She didn't care whether she were bullied or not ; and she was perfectly capable of letting her sister believe that she had carried mildness to the point of giving up a man she had a secret sentiment for, in order to oblige that large-brained young lady. She was not clear herself as to whether it might not be so : her pride, what she had of it, lay in an undistributed, inert form quite at the bottom of her heart,

and she had never yet invented any consoling theory to cover her want of a high spirit. She felt, as she looked up at Mr. Flack, that she didn't care even if he should think that she sacrificed him to a childish subservience. His bright eyes were hard, as if he could almost guess how cynical she was, and she turned her own again towards her retreating companions. "They are going to dinner : we oughtn't to be dawdling here," she said.

"Well, if they are going to dinner they'll have to eat the napkins. I ordered it and I know when it will be ready," George Flack replied. "Besides they are not going to dinner, they are going to walk in the park. Don't you worry, we sha'n't lose them. I wish we could !" the young man added smiling.

"You wish we could ?"

"I should like to feel that you were under my particular protection."

"Well, I don't know what the dangers are," said Francie, setting herself in motion again. She went after the others, but at the end of a few steps he stopped her again.

"You won't have confidence. I wish you would believe what I tell you."

"You haven't told me anything." And she turned her back to him, looking away at the splendid view. "I admire the scenery," she added in a moment.

"Oh, bother the scenery ! I want to tell you something about myself, if I could flatter myself that you would take any interest in it." He had thrust his cane, waist-high, into the low wall of the terrace, and he leaned against it, screwing the point gently round with both hands.

"I'll take an interest if I can understand," said Francie.

"You can understand, easy enough, if you'll try. I've got some news from America to-day, that has pleased me very much. The Reverberator has taken a jump."

This was not what Francie had expected, but it was better. "Taken a jump ?" she repeated.

"It has gone straight up. It's in the second hundred thousand."

"Hundred thousand dollars?" said Francie.

"No, Miss Francie, copies. That's the circulation. But the dollars are footing up, too."

"And do they all come to you?"

"Precious few of them! I wish they did: it's a pleasant property."

"Then it isn't yours?" she asked, turning round to him. It was an impulse of sympathy that made her look at him now, for she already knew how much he had the success of his newspaper at heart. He had once told her he loved *The Reverberator* as he had loved his first jack-knife.

"Mine? You don't mean to say you suppose I own it!" George Flack exclaimed. The light projected upon her innocence by these words was so strong that the girl blushed, and he went on more tenderly—"It's a pretty sight, the way you and your sister take that sort of thing for granted. Do you think property grows on you, like a moustache? Well, it seems as if it had, on your father. If I owned *The Reverberator* I shouldn't be stumping round here: I'd give my attention to another branch of the business. That is, I would give my attention to all, but I wouldn't go round with the cart. But I'm going to get hold of it, and I want you to help me," the young man went on: "that's just what I wanted to speak to you about. It's a big thing already, and I mean to make it bigger: the most universal society-paper the world has seen. That's where the future lies, and the man who sees it first is the man who'll make his pile. It's a field for enlightened enterprise that hasn't yet begun to be worked." He continued, glowing, almost suddenly, with his idea, and one of his eyes half closed itself knowingly, in a way that was habitual with him when he talked consecutively. The effect of this would have been droll to a listener, the note of the prospectus mingling with the accent of passion. But it was not droll to Francie: she only

thought it, or supposed it, a proof of the way Mr. Flack saw everything in its largest relations. "There are ten thousand things to do that haven't been done, and I am going to do them. The society-news of every quarter of the globe, furnished by the prominent members themselves (oh, *they* can be fixed—you'll see!) from day to day and from hour to hour, and served up at every breakfast-table in the United States—that's what the American people want, and that's what the American people are going to have. I wouldn't say it to every one, but I don't mind telling you, that I consider I have about as fine a sense as any one of what's going to be required in future over there. I'm going for the secrets, the *chronique intime*, as they say here: what the people want is just what isn't told, and I'm going to tell it. Oh, they're bound to have the plums! That's about played out, any way, the idea of sticking up a sign of 'private' and thinking you can keep the place to yourself. You can't do it—you can't keep out the light of the Press. Now what I'm going to do is to set up the biggest lamp yet made, and to make it shine all over the place. We'll see who's private then! I'll make them crowd in themselves with the information, and as I tell you, Miss Francie, it's a job in which you can give me a lovely push."

"Well, I don't see how," said Francie, candidly. "I haven't got any secrets." She spoke gaily, because she was relieved: she thought she had in reality a glimpse of what he wanted of her. It was something better than she had feared. Since he didn't own the great newspaper (her conception of such matters was of the dimmest), he desired to possess himself of it, and she sufficiently comprehended that money was needed for that. She further seemed to perceive that he presented himself to her as moneyless, and that this brought them round, by a vague but comfortable transition, to a pleasant consciousness that her father was not. The remaining induc-

tion, silently made, was quick and happy: she should acquit herself by asking her father for the sum required and just passing it over to Mr. Flack. The greatness of his enterprise and the magnitude of his conceptions appeared to overshadow her as they stood there. This was a delightful simplification, and it did not for the moment strike her as positively unnatural that her companion should have a delicacy about appealing to Mr. Dosson directly for pecuniary aid, though indeed she was capable of thinking that odd if she had meditated upon it. There was nothing simpler to Francie than the idea of putting her hand into her father's pocket, and she felt that even Delia would be glad to satisfy the young man by this casual gesture. I must add, unfortunately, that her alarm came back to her from the way in which he replied: "Do you mean to say you don't know, after all I've done?"

"I am sure I don't know what you've done."

"Haven't I tried—all I know—to make you like me?"

"Oh dear, I do like you!" cried Francie; "but how will that help you?"

"It will help me if you will understand that I love you."

"Well, I won't understand!" replied the girl, walking off.

He followed her: they went on together in silence, and then he said—"Do you mean to say you haven't found that out?"

"Oh, I don't find things out—I ain't an editor!" Francie laughed.

"You draw me out and then you jibe at me!" Mr. Flack remarked.

"I didn't draw you out. Couldn't you see me just straining to get away?"

"Don't you sympathise with my ideas?"

"Of course I do, Mr. Flack: I think they're splendid," said Francie, who didn't in the least understand them.

"Well, then, why won't you work with me? Your affection, your bright-

ness, your faith, would be everything to me."

"I'm very sorry—but I can't—I can't," the girl declared.

"You could if you would, quick enough."

"Well, then, I won't!" And as soon as these words were spoken, as if to mitigate something of their asperity, Francie paused a moment and said: "You must remember that I never said I would—nor anything like it. I thought you just wanted me to speak to my father."

"Of course I supposed you would do that."

"I mean about your paper."

"About my paper?"

"So as he could give you the money—to do what you want."

"Lord, you're too sweet!" George Flack exclaimed staring. "Do you suppose I would ever touch a cent of your father's money?"—a speech not so hypocritical as it may sound, inasmuch as the young man, who had his own refinements, had never been guilty, and proposed to himself never to be, of the plainness of twitching the purse-strings of his potential father-in-law with his own hand. He had talked to Mr. Dosson by the hour about the interviewing business, but he had never dreamed that this amiable man would give him money as an interesting struggler. The only character in which he could expect it would be that of Francie's husband, and then it would come to Francie—not to him. This reasoning did not diminish his desire to assume such a character, and his love of his profession and his appreciation of the girl at his side ached together in his breast with the same disappointment. She saw that her words had touched him like a lash: they made him blush red for a moment. This caused her own colour to rise—she could scarcely have said why—and she hurried along again. He kept close to her: he argued with her: he besought her to think it over, assured her he was the best fellow in the world. To this she

replied that if he didn't leave her alone she would cry—and how would he like that, to bring her back in such a state to the others? He said, "Damn the others!" but that didn't help his case, and at last he broke out: "Will you just tell me this, then—is it because you've promised Miss Delia?" Francie answered that she had not promised Miss Delia anything, and her companion went on: "Of course I know what she has got in her head: she wants to get you into the high set—the *grand monde*, as they call it here; but I didn't suppose you'd let her fix your life for you. You were very different before *he* turned up."

"She never fixed anything for me. I haven't got any life and I don't want to have," said Francie. "And I don't know who you are talking about, either!"

"The man without a country. He'll pass you in—that's what your sister wants."

"You oughtn't to abuse him, because it was you that presented him," the girl rejoined.

"I never presented him! I'd like to kick him."

"We should never have seen him if it hadn't been for you."

"That's a fact, but it doesn't make me love him any the better. He's the poorest kind there is."

"I don't care anything about his kind."

"That's a pity, if you're going to marry him. How could I know that when I took you up there?"

"Good bye, Mr. Flack," said Francie, trying to gain ground from him.

This attempt was of course vain, and after a moment he resumed: "Will you keep me as a friend?"

"Why, Mr. Flack, of course I will!" cried Francie.

"All right," he replied; and they presently rejoined their companions.

HENRY JAMES.

(To be continued.)

THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA.

(Horace, Odes, I. 37.)

I.

Now fill the bowl, now join the dance, and see,
 Ye jovial guild, ye foot it fast and free :
 Now 'twere high time to deck in order due
 The Salian feast, and call the gods to sup with you.

II.

Now let the Cæcuban see light at last,
 Stored by our grandsires, for the hour is past
 When the dark Queen to Rome's proud Citadel
 Could plot mad ruin, and scheme to sound the Empire's knell,

III.

With a crazed court of wretches, men in name,
 Naught else : no dream too wild for her to frame,
 Distempered soul, with fortune's sweetest drink
 Intoxicate ; but low her maniac pride did sink

IV.

What time her ships, scarce one unscathed, were fired :
 The madness, by her native god inspired,
 Changed to true terror. Fear lent wings, she fled
 From Italy, and lo ! behind her Caesar led

V.

The hot pursuit and plied th' incessant oar,
 —So some keen hawk drives doves in flocks before
 His path, so o'er Hæmonia's snow-clad plains
 Some hunter tracks the hare—in haste to bind in chains

VI.

The dangerous beast. Yet had she grace to choose
 A nobler death. Woman, didst thou refuse
 The touch of steel ? Albeit thy barks were fleet,
 Sought'st thou on alien shores some haven of retreat ?

VII.

No ! all unmoved her eyes beheld again
 Her palace-home, how fallen ! With high disdain
 Of life, she grasped the toothèd snakes' dark brood,
 And nursed, till their black poison mixed with all her blood,

VIII.

Her spirit rose with her resolve to die.
 She thought : "Go, gaze your fill, fierce crew, for I
 March not in your proud show, by myriads seen,
 A captive woman—No ! I lived and die a Queen."

G. M.

THE PROFESSION OF LETTERS.

(Tertium Quid.)

You appear, my dear George, to regard the time with the eyes of Mr. Carroll's Walrus, as one in which it is meet to talk of many things. It is no worse time, perhaps, for that purpose than another; but surely I have more than played my part. "It was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common." Let me implore Shakespeare's new editors not to strike out this sentence. To hear it even once a year may do some good to the descendants of the men for whom it was written, and to read it in its own place they have, of course, no time. You verify your English blood, my boy, by the persistence with which you urge me to write. Out of the fulness of my years you bid me to speak; yet you should remember that, "If ye will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest." Assuming for the sake of my quotation (be all other assumptions far from us) that my previous letters have been found a good thing, shall we make it too common? To be plain with you, I have myself been fearful lest the fate which (on his own authority, and that was sometimes playful) befell my good old friend Jack Budd, might be mine. Jack, not long before we lost him, was persuaded to visit America (that grave of literary reputations!) for the purpose of reading some of the humorous pieces with which he had often entertained his own simple countrymen. On the morning after his introduction to his new audience he found on his breakfast-table a certain journal in which he had been advised to look for the earliest and surest record of the popular sentiment. As he was unconscious of

having ruffled the delicate scarfskin of American vanity, he spread the paper with no misgivings, and this was the greeting he found: "What" (superior as the best American literature is to our own in the higher æsthetical qualities, that rather large part of it which finds expression in the Press still retains some smack of the rustic Adam,)—"What does this old fat fool come here for?" Now, George, I am no longer young, I was never slim, and,—my friend in "The Saturday Review" must go on, I cannot.

You would reassure me by pointing to the popularity which the artless prattle of some amiable old gentlemen has lately achieved; but the parallel, though most flattering, is not quite exact. No sour moral pointed their ingenuous tales. 'Twas "Locksley Hall" they gave us, "wandering back to living boyhood," not "Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After." But when the "old white-headed dreamer" is brought forward as a preacher or commentator on current affairs, unless he be willing to take for his text, "this best of all possible worlds," the mood of his audience is apt to change. No full-handed applause then greets him as he totters on to the stage: rather is he likely to find himself in a hall threatening as that of Eblis,

"With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms,"

waving him away and bidding him in no gentle tones to keep his querulous solitude. And, after all, this is but natural. Old men, when busy in comparing the former days with these, are apt to take the plane of comparison too much for granted. Nor is it only we old-world babblers who make these

mistakes. I read the other day in "The Oxford Magazine" (really a most amusing paper, which pray let me see regularly) a review of an article in some one of its metropolitan fellows on the social aspects of Oxford. My acquaintance with the subject did not allow me to measure the justice of the reviewer's strictures, but his conclusion certainly made me stare. Before venturing again on that sacred ground the writer was advised to get more knowledge of it. The advice was good, and can never be superfluous; a thing of shreds and patches the human understanding of any matter will always be. But in order to procure this fuller knowledge the writer was recommended to study two books, both no doubt deserving their high praises, but for the special purpose here assigned to them both vain as the wind, for both belonged to the past. So quickly come and go the generations of a University's life, that as well might we be referred to Petronius for an understanding of contemporary Rome, or to Ned Ward for an understanding of contemporary London,—nay, as well almost might I myself profess to instruct some brisk school-boy panting for his freshmanhood out of the scraps my memory has kept of the Oxford that was in the days before the Flood.

It is indeed curious into what mistakes the cleverest men will sometimes fall in their anxiety to make a point by comparison. There is a notable instance of this in those delightful "Essays in Criticism" (with which I am pleased to find you so intimately acquainted), where the writer would compare Addison as a moralist with Joubert. He might as well have compared Sir William Browne with Sir William Gull! Addison died in 1719, Joubert died in 1824: what plane of comparison can there be between the two? "The thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns," and many suns rose and set between their days of thinking. Between them stand the figures of Hume and Gibbon,

of Voltaire and Rousseau, of the Encyclopædists and all the wild phantasmagoria of the French Revolution! In the widening process of such dynamic suns the gentle thoughts of Addison may well dwindle into common-places. But were they, therefore, common-places to his own generation? Beware of that word, my boy: there are few in the English language more recklessly used or more misleading than this same "common-place."

Comparisons are not necessarily odious. In delicate hands they can be made extremely amusing; but they are nearly always futile and often dangerous. It is rare even in the case of contemporaries that they can be made without so many reservations and conditions as almost to destroy their power of illustration. In the case of men separated by the impassable gulf of years, the most that can be done is to ascertain how each man's work stood in relation to the sum of knowledge available at his time. No directer comparison is possible. Therefore, besides wearying I might also mislead you were I to accept your offer of comparing the masters at whose feet we sat with those who are expanding your young ideas. Widely different they were, but I will never say yours may not be best for you. One advantage at least yours have, an advantage shared by that instrument for which the popular taste has characteristically discarded the slower moving and more fragile apparatus of Nature. As on that "agonizing wheel" you can match the feats of Camilla, *cursumque pedum præceteræ ventos*, so do those intellectual bicycles, your teachers, bear you over tracts of country never dreamed of by our home-staying wits. You devour miles where we painfully encompassed yards. Yet so anxious am I to avoid the pitfalls of comparison that I will not even ask you if this breathless rate of travel allows you to enjoy the landscape so thoroughly as may the humble pedestrian.

However, I will not entirely balk

you, or myself, of the opportunity you are good enough to offer. I have never claimed the privileges of a "blessed Glendoveer," but as you profess yourself so anxious to hear, it were churlish to refuse to speak, though you will, I fear, find little in my utterances relevant to the title you have chosen for our correspondence. And indeed one or two points have risen since I first wrote which makes me willing to incur once more the reproach of the old man garrulous. I have received a letter about you and your affairs which I wish you to read. I know not who the writer is, nor what claim he has to his signature. His letter came to me through the editor whom you have persuaded to publish our correspondence, and I give it to you as it was written.

"SIR,—I have been much interested in your letters, and the sympathy which you show with University life emboldens me to write to you. I feel that you have been rather hard on our friend George, and I may add that you have caused some annoyance to his Tutors. We hoped that we had at last found a man who had chosen his own career, and was not content to drift to the Bar or be driven into the great crowd of unwilling schoolmasters. But now I fear that you have unsettled him, and he must needs read in Chambers or keep school with the rest; and some of us know that neither teaching nor law is congenial to him. I will not suggest, nor would you approve, his taking holy orders upon compulsion. Is he to become that 'local preacher' of the Higher Education, a University Extension Lecturer? The work is useful, no doubt, but as yet hardly offers a career. Or is he to fly to the prairie or the ranche, and discover at forty that he cannot make it pay? The fact is, Sir, I frankly own to you that we Tutors are in a very difficult position. Our pupils cry to us for work, and we cannot find it. They go in despair to the London 'Coaches' and end, if they are lucky, by obtaining a second-class Government clerkship. First-class openings seem closed since Lord Randolph Churchill raised his scare. But I will not dwell on a melancholy topic. You, Sir, are a man of the world, and I venture to ask you these questions: Is the hack-work of literature worse for a man's body or soul than the hack-work of other professions? Is it more cramping than the life of an usher, or, if you will, than the life of a College Don? Is it more materialising than that of a Government clerk? To commerce or manufacture we at the Universities dare hardly look. Our chemists and learned

men of science cannot find employment in manufacture: the merchants tell us they must have their men at sixteen. We classical lecturers had hoped that in journalism and literature our riper wits might find a fair field, —and then comes your warning note! I know not where we are to turn. Cannot you hold out some hopes, if not for your nephew, at least for other men?

"Yours obediently,
"A CLASSICAL TUTOR."

My lot has ever been to be misunderstood! It is hard upon me again to have to say that I never wished to warn you against Literature as a profession: I only wished to warn you against too rosy a view of its chances and charms. Hard also is it upon me that in my youth having (as they said) given so much annoyance to my Tutors, I should be now accused of playing the same trick on yours. But this comes of good-nature! In a moment of weakness I poured out my old soul to you, at your own request, and now I am expected to do as much for every one who seeks an answer to that eternal question, What is to be done with our boys? I cannot do it. Of the Church, Science, Commerce, Clerkships I know nothing. Exactly what the duties of a University Extension Lecturer may be, I do not feel clear; but if, as I partly surmise, they are to run about the country prattling to young women of things he cannot as yet know much about and they will never know anything, it should not be hard to find you some more profitable employment. Of College Dons it is not possible for me even at this distance of time to speak lightly; though when they take to encouraging young men to dabble prematurely in the mud of politics, my inbred respect is sorely tried. It is to be gathered from your conversation that you are on far more humane and sociable terms with them than ever we were with their predecessors. This is well. Those "rows of abbots purple as their vines" have long since fallen into the dust whence no good actions blossom, —though the vines flourish still and furnish, I am given to understand,

very pretty drinking. No doubt a Don's life is not the easy full-fed thing it was. He must justify his existence; and apparently (if the University Intelligence of "The Times" is to be trusted) some of your colleges can assist him only moderately to support it. But it is a life which can be made most useful, honourable, and dignified: it might also (let me add) be made extremely convenient to me, —those Common-Rooms are, if my memory serves me, most comfortable places of entertainment. Unfortunately the choice of such a life does not lie with you; and (I do not wish to hurt your feelings but) I fear it is not likely to be chosen for you. The word "usher" seems to bear some smack of indignity in these days, but that may be remedied by calling yourself a schoolmaster: "he keepit a schule, and caa'd it an acaademy." Now, a schoolmaster who stays at home and concerns himself with his proper business is in my eyes one of the most beneficent and estimable of his species; there is not much better work on which a man can employ himself. For him who goes gadding too far abroad I have indeed little respect; while for those young Jacks in Office who conceive it necessary to advertise themselves by pulling down the work of their predecessors I can wish nothing better than the fate of Mr. Squeers, and, had my elbow still the power of yore, most cheerfully would I play the part of Nicholas. 'Tis an employment moreover which certainly does not lack its fair share of prizes, and altogether one which no Classical Tutor need hang on his tip-tilted nose. Much depends upon the school and the man. You, with your habits and training, would probably be out of place among those blameless and eager Hyperboreans who yearly descend upon the fertile valleys of Isis and Cam; but there are schools further south at which you might, I should think, be comfortable and happy, and might, I should hope, do good work. The supply, however, in

this, as in most of the bread-winning departments, is probably vastly in excess of the demand; and it may also be that you have not yet sufficiently separated yourself from the profession of learning to take up with that of teaching.

But this is not the point for me to aim at. That point lies in the words: "Is the hack-work of Literature worse for a man's body or soul than the hack-work of other professions?" What is here meant by hack-work? In the literary profession, especially among those who write about it, it is common to hear work "done for the booksellers" contemptuously treated as hack-work. The contempt is often just, but not necessarily. Johnson wrote his "Lives of the Poets" for the booksellers, Southey wrote his "Life of Nelson" for them, yet these are works no sane man treats contemptuously. Every man, as I have already told you, who depends solely on his pen for a livelihood must, even if he can steer clear of the newspapers, do much work which he, if he be wise, and the world certainly, will willingly let die. If he be an honest man, a man of proper self-respect, he will do it as well as circumstances will let him; but needs must that circumstances will sometimes prove too strong for him. Yet it has been that work so done has by happy chance become a part of the world's patrimony. In short, as treason, says the epigram, may become patriotism, so hack-work may become Literature. Then, again, in every profession practised by man there must necessarily be some preliminary drudgery, some period of apprenticeship to be endured before he can be proclaimed free of the guild and qualified to set up for himself. For some men, of course, this period never passes: for some it passes to no purpose; and it is perhaps hard to say that this will always be the fault of the man. In Journalism alone of the professions the time of emancipation can never come. It is the peculiar lot of the Journalist that he can never set up for himself.

He is merged in his paper: like the actor of the Athenian stage, his face is hid in a mask and he speaks in tones not his own. He must speak in the tones of this party or that in the Church, in the State, in Trade, or in some other one of the many channels into which the great current of human affairs is parcelled. Even an editor rarely, if ever, is at liberty to consult his own wishes, feelings, or principles, should they chance to run counter to his employer's. My dictionary tells me that a hack is "a person over-worked on hire, a literary drudge." The labourer is worthy of his hire; but no labourer in the great field of Letters so surely matches this definition as the Journalist.

By Journalism let me say here once for all, that I mean the work of the daily Press, and by Journalists I mean those whose livelihood depends on that work. That distinguished man whom we have just lost, Sir Henry Maine, often contributed to a daily paper; so too have many of his most famous contemporaries who are happily still with us. I do not call such men Journalists; nor will I give the name to that large body of writers who use the newspapers intermittently to supplement an insufficient income—an income sometimes rendered insufficient by their more ambitious essays in other and higher departments of Literature. By a Journalist I mean the man who has regularly enlisted, who has taken the shilling of King Press, and must look henceforth to that potent master for law and livelihood. Let me add that this definition is made for my present purpose. I do not wish to impose it generally.

If, then, by the hack-work of Literature is meant Journalism as I am now understanding it, I answer unhesitatingly that it is worse for a man's soul than the hack-work of other professions, if, as I suppose he does, my classical correspondent means by soul the intelligence, the intellectual part of a man. The highest achievements of Literature are the highest

achievements of the human mind; and anything which tends to cramp and coarsen a mind capable of the highest achievements will necessarily be more mischievous than that which has the same effect on minds of lesser quality. The mischief to the individual is no doubt the same. The injury done to a shoemaker prevented by circumstances from making the best shoes would be, so far as he was concerned, as great as the injury to a Shakespeare whose circumstances compelled him to go on producing nothing better than a "Rape of Lucrece" or a "Comedy of Errors"; but the injury done to the world would in the latter case be incomparably greater. The work, then, which hinders, delays, and finally destroys a man's power of achieving the best in Literature, will be more mischievous than that which has the same effect on members of other professions. So far, then, I answer the Classical Tutor, but in fact no answer to such a question can go far. In all professions the hack-work is the inevitable step to advancement. The hack-work of the Bar will not prevent a man from rising to be Lord Chancellor: the hack-work of Commerce will not prevent a man from rising to be Governor of the Bank of England or Lord Mayor, or to whichever takes rank as the highest step in that great and honourable profession with which it has been my lifelong regret that my knowledge is so slight and (alas! that I must add) so unsatisfactory. In Literature alone the hack-work is, if not the obstacle, most surely not the step to advancement.

Many causes, indeed, combine to make these comparative questions so futile. How much, for instance, depends on the texture of the mind,—or soul, if the Tutor prefers that word. Many souls are degraded, if not crushed, by what will only strengthen and inspire others. Some souls, we know, are of extraordinarily delicate texture. A distinguished painter has lately let us into the secret of his

Like the protagonist of the Oxford Reformation, he has taken his seat dejectedly upon the (shall I say, intellectual ?) throne ;

" And all his store of sad experience he
Lays bare of wretched days."

Perhaps in this case the delicacy is a little sentimental ; for the things which vex his soul (and no man has the right to laugh because he remains unvexed) are not alleged to interfere with his productiveness, but with its possible benefit to others—a striking instance of the unselfishness of the artistic nature. It is, I think, doubtful if these ethereal organisations will ever in any circumstances produce the greatest things. Some element of toughness, some power of fronting the shocks of Fate, or at least, like Wordsworth, of putting them by, will always be found in men of the first rank. It is the old tale, which has been since the world began and will be till it ends, the tale of the sanity of true genius. Shakespeare held horses at the stage-door and wrote "*Macbeth*." And to come a little lower in the scale,—and indeed Shakespeare is for obvious reasons not a very pertinent illustration,—two famous names will occur to every one, the names of Johnson and Goldsmith. These were men whose souls no drudgery could degrade nor poverty repress, and in good faith they knew enough of both. To such a question then as the Classical Tutor has put to me, the only practical answer must be, "Show me the soul."

So much again depends on the age at which your drudge is caught. In the morning of life when the heart is always gay and the foot always light, the back can bear any burdens. The poverty and squalor of his boyhood, the journalistic drudgery of his early manhood, could not freeze the genial current of Charles Dickens's soul,—though there again, to be sure, was a man of a million. It was not till some years past the term of middle life that Carlyle set himself down

doggedly to carve out a living by his pen,—though he was never (as his admirers seem a little apt to forget) absolutely dependent for subsistence on that trenchant weapon. But let us suppose that, instead of being free to choose his own materials and fashion them after his own fancy, he had accepted Captain Sterling's offer and taken service with "*The Times*," what manner of Carlyle should we have had then ? Should we have had, think you, any "*French Revolution*," any "*Cromwell*," any "*Frederick the Great*" ? Would not the bondage of the Press have proved to such a man more cramping even than the bondage of his own wayward nature ? Nay, one is tempted to wonder what manner of "*Times*" we should have had ; for the proverbial bull in a china-shop sinks into nothingness before the idea of Carlyle in a newspaper-office !

I am quite willing therefore to allow (as indeed I have allowed all along) that there are numbers of most excellent and able men whom this "*hack-work of Literature*" will harm neither in body nor in soul ; who will find in it the most congenial outlet for their energies, the readiest satisfaction of their literary ambitions, and the surest means of earning a regular livelihood ; and who will practise it to the end of their time with the greatest credit to themselves and their employers with no thought of intellectual degradation or wasted talents. And of such it is possible that you are qualified to be : it is possible that you are destined to win the richest prizes that the profession of Journalism has to offer, and to be able to borrow the proud boast of the most famous living master of the craft, that you have enjoyed the regard of a prince and the wages of an ambassador. Should this be so (and you and your tutors between you must know the chances of such possibility better than I can), I would no more think of opposing your choice of such a profession, so far as your own interests are concerned, than I would think of warning a man against beer,

who found himself able to drink it, because my poor peptics cannot away with it.

Let me pause here, my dear George, on a purely personal issue. You will oblige me by keeping that last paragraph to yourself, and, if he be a friend of yours, to the Classical Tutor. If this, like my previous letters, is to be published, I have no wish to appear in the ridiculous light of patronising a profession which needs patronage so little as the great and famous profession of Journalism. For my adverse comments its followers will care, and rightly care, nothing; but anything which bears the appearance of patronage from such an one as me they will naturally resent, and the resentment of one of the rulers of the world is no light thing. Never have I forgotten, and never shall I forget, a lesson learned in my youth. In that fevered period of my existence I was for a short time the editor of a magazine now (need I say it?) as forgotten as last year's snow. Among my contributors was a man, my junior in years but as far above me now in fame, position, and wealth as his talents deserved to carry him. He was then engaged on a novel which I had hoped would have made all our fortunes, and perhaps would have done so had not the magazine come to an end first. To me at any rate it seemed a very smart thing, and about the sixth chapter or so I ventured, when sending the author his monthly dole, to express myself to that effect. By return of post I received this answer: "Sir—Circumstances compel me to receive your cheque, but be pleased to give me none of your —— patronage." It was a rude lesson, but efficient. So I beg you not to let me appear as offering any more of these condemned tributes of my admiration (and without the golden salve!) to men who are, perhaps, as little likely to brook them as my scornful young novelist, and can still more certainly afford to dispense with them.

But for the few words yet left

to say, I have no such fear. My harshest critics (if I have any critics) will call me a dyspeptic old fool: the good-natured ones will only laugh: it can be worth no one's while to be offended. So on this point I am unreservedly in your hands. Yet a little while ago I should have hesitated before delivering myself of these sentiments,—did hesitate, indeed, for I had begun to write to you, when something I read in the papers made me pause. You may remember that when all that foolishness was afoot about Trafalgar Square, a certain person was charged with hindering the police in their duties, who turned out to be not an unemployed pickpocket, or a slighted patriot, or, in fact, a champion in any sort of the holy cause of Misrule, but a reporter for one of the daily papers and, I need hardly add, one of the most remarkable men in our country. This gentleman, like the police, was in the Square on business, and finding the fit discharge of his duty incompatible with theirs, announced his course of action, like Mr. Snodgrass, in words that had the true Rule Britannia ring about them, but were perhaps hardly prudent in the circumstances,—yet who can stay the old war-horse from snorting at the sound of battle! The policeman, not recognising, as of course he should have recognised under any garb, the majesty of the Press, and not wishing to be knocked down, took the gentleman up, and brought him before the magistrate as though he had been an ordinary subject of the Queen refusing to obey her laws. Here was a situation! But the paper this brave gentleman served was equal to the occasion. Its loudest-lunged lions were stirred up to roar against the insolent magistrate who had dared even to listen to such a charge, and their roarings filled all Downing Street with dismay. I need not go on. Let it be enough to say that Law and Government vied with each other in their atonement to this great slandered hero, and that, with the mercy which

belongs only to the strong, he consented not to push his triumph too far. That was indeed a proud moment for the Freedom of the Press, not only of England but of the World! "Fair Freedom!" can we not imagine Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, that poor Prisoner of Chillon, exclaiming,

"Fair Freedom! we may hold thee dear,
When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
In humblest guise have shown!"

Small wonder that I reconsidered myself, and felt that this was not the hour, nor I the man, to breathe a syllable against a Power which had thus abased to the dust the myrmidons of Government and Law. And yet, how history will repeat itself! "Out of town," the author of that apostrophe to Freedom wrote in his diary, "out of town six days. On my return, find my poor little pagod, Napoleon, pushed off his pedestal!" A few short weeks and we find "the Victor overthrown" indeed, when he is told from the Bench in open court that his opinion is of no value, and is reminded by the Attorney-General (smartly, too, said the reports!) that he is not the judge! And nothing happened—that judge is still on the Bench: that Attorney-General is still in office! So I perhaps may take heart of grace and venture.

Hitherto we have discussed this question from what may be called a purely selfish side. Will you be helped or hindered by adopting the profession of Journalism? That is the line our inquiries have taken, and very naturally. Let us now before we part regard it for a moment with a wider view, a view which it becomes me at least, whom you have called to this position of responsibility, not wholly to ignore. It is a part of my duty to you not to forget my duty to that great society of which you and I and all of us are partners. In guarding the banks and clearing the course of his own little stream each man should do so with an eye to help, not to hinder, that "common wave of thought and joy" which is, so the

poet tells us, in some happy time to regenerate the world. In plain prose, then, how does this great business of Journalism help or hinder the world's affairs? To speak frankly, I think that it hinders more than it helps. It helps the Individual: it hinders the State. We all read the other day, with some amusement, no doubt, but on the whole with acquiescence, the magnificent panegyric pronounced on itself by "The Times." "The Times" is "uninfluenced by party, uncontrolled by power, and attached solely to the public interest." "'The Times' never has been and never will be the organ of a party however triumphant, or the mouthpiece of a political leader however autocratic." "In Europe, in America, in India and the Colonies, 'The Times' is universally recognised as having a right to speak in the name of England." "That high privilege, involving duties even higher, we may confidently assert will never be abused." And so on, and so on. Perhaps the position of England's mouthpiece is not so universally conceded to "The Times" outside Printing House Square as it, very naturally and rightly, is within that busy but somewhat limited area. But from its proprietors' and shareholders' point of view, which is, of course, purely commercial, "The Times" has certainly every right to be pleased with itself, and every right to assume the "position of primacy in the Journalism of the world." We, however (who, unfortunately for ourselves, are neither proprietors nor shareholders of this great newspaper), are just now looking at the matter from another point of view. That this great power of the Press amply benefits those who wield it no one has ever gainsaid. Is the benefit to the public interest so unmixed and certain? Does the interest of the public ever clash with the interest of the individual, and if so, which, think you, goes to the wall?

I don't know whether you young men now read Carlyle; but in one of his essays, and perhaps the best of

them, in the essay on Diderot, are these words, at the end of a rhapsody on the condition of Literature in the eighteenth century: "Lastly, the unutterable confusion worse confounded of our present Periodical existence; when, among other phenomena, a young Fourth Estate (whom all the three elder may try if they can hold) is seen sprawling and staggering tumultuously through the world; as yet but a huge, raw-boned, lean calf; fast growing, however, to be a Pharaoh's lean cow,—of whom let the fat kine beware!" These words were written more than half a century ago, and the wheel has come full circle now. The lean calf has grown to no cow, but to a mastodon rather, a megatherium, or to whichever was mightiest of the beasts that roamed the primæval earth. It no longer sprawls or staggers, but thunders tumultuously. In his brilliant, though melancholy book on the West Indies, Mr. Froude lays the evil days on which we have fallen at the door of the talkers,—at the door, that is to say, of the House of Commons. It bears its part, no doubt, that gate of ivory; but, after all, where would be the false visions it lets loose on us dreaming mortals, but for the newspapers? "The British Constitution," says "The Times," "has gradually shifted its basis, and now rests mainly, as acute observers have pointed out, on 'Government by discussion.' Parliamentary debates are almost overshadowed by the controversies conducted in the newspapers, or in speeches which without the aid of the newspapers might as well not be delivered at all." Anything which tends to overshadow Parliamentary debates deserves our cordial acknowledgment. But after all there is some check on discussion in Parliament. There is a Speaker, there is a Chairman of Committees, there are rules of procedure: checks which even an Irishman cannot disregard with impunity beyond a certain point. Even a Minister in Opposition can be made to feel that some decency, some forbearance, some regard

for interests other than his own, is required from him. But on government by discussion in the newspapers there is absolutely no check beyond that which the conductors of each newspaper may choose to impose. Now it is the first business of the owner of a newspaper to make sure that his property flourishes: it is the first business of the editor of a newspaper to give his employer assurance of that fact. We are asked, therefore, to believe that it is for the best interests of the State that its chief engine of power (for such the Press claims now to be) should be guided by men whose first concern is to make the most they can out of the job. The demand on our credulity is preposterous.

You may say that I credit these wielders of power with very low ideas of morality. I do not. No doubt, they are sincerely glad when their interests can go hand in hand with the interests of the State: no doubt they are sincerely sorry when the former compel them to disregard "the paramount obligations of national duty"; and when mankind is lifted on that "common wave of thought and joy," into an ideal world of righteousness and peace, our newspapers will no doubt share the general elevation and become as precious and tender-hearted as the scrolls of pure Simonides. In that golden time all shall, in Byronic phrase, be "hiccup and happiness"; but as yet, alas! it is mostly hiccup without the happiness. For that time we still wait, and the Press also must wait; for the Press, despite its protestations, does not shape or control the national destiny. That it never really did, and now it does so less than ever. No single paper has, or will ever again have, the influence that "The Times" had when Lyndhurst (perhaps, as his way sometimes was, not quite seriously) could call its editor the most powerful man in England. It was then for all national purpose the Press of England; but the power it once held single-handed is now broken up among a host of

rivals. This proves no decadence of "The Times," which is indeed, I think, as good as ever it was: it is the inevitable effect of many causes, a part of that dragon-crop we owe to the heroes of Parliamentary Reform. And "The Times" has itself of course helped to create the competition from which it suffers. It is the case of the seed and the flower; and though the new flowers do not perhaps all smell quite so sweet as the old primal blossom, they are quite fragrant enough for the robust organizations which cultivate them. In a competitive age quality will always go down before quantity. If you are interested in the subject let me commend to you the Report of the Select Committee appointed in 1851 to inquire into the law regulating newspaper-stamps. In the evidence there given by the manager of "The Times" you will find some curious and instructive reading.

Things being so, it were wiser, perhaps, of the Press not to protest so much; for if it really were as formative as it professes to be, the result would certainly do it little credit. Goethe, when pressed about the brutality of Byron's poems, answered that they were not nearly so brutal as the newspapers; and despite the *tarantara* of "The Times'" threepenny trumpet, I don't know that matters have much improved that way since Goethe's day. But, it may be said, are the papers to blame for this? They are "the abstract and brief chronicles of the time": if the time be brutal, what can they do? Precisely: they must chronicle, and not too briefly, all that goes forward, or their occupation will be gone. Even "The Times" cannot pick and choose. It must march with the age. It must, for example, present its readers with those charming pictures of our social life which the Divorce Court so liberally furnishes. Last autumn when the Commissioner of Police was doing his best to enable the citizens of (as they are pleased to call it) the most civilised capital in the world to attend to their work

with unpicked pockets and unbroken windows, he was asked by a reporter (I am afraid of "The Times") for the particulars of the arrangements made for this good purpose. When he very reasonably demurred on the grounds that to make his plans public was not the surest way of making them effective, he was answered that they (the reporters) had nothing to do with that. Their business, they said, was to look after the interests of their papers, and it was the interest of their papers to let their readers know everything that had been and was to be done. Again, it is notorious that the discreditable folly I speak of was largely nourished on the advertisements given to it by the newspapers. Such things and the rogues who foster them live by advertisement. It is true that all the reputable journals of the capital took a proper view of the situation, but they could not afford to treat it with the contempt it really deserved. The special reporters were set to work and as much importance given to these mischievous antics as to a European campaign. It is not in reason to blame the newspapers for fulfilling the conditions of their existence; but is it possible to regard as an unmixed boon to society an existence dependent on such conditions, and free at all times and in any circumstances to fulfil them? And this is a very fair illustration of the point of view from which the conductor of a newspaper regards what he is pleased to call the public interest, but what should more truthfully be called the interest of his public. Is there, think you, an editor of one daily paper published in Great Britain who would consent to suppress any piece of intelligence out of regard to the interests of the State until such time as it suited those interests for it to be made known? And if such an editor could be found, how long, think you, would his employer keep him in his office? The number of readers who would appreciate such an act of public spirit is so curiously small that it could be worth no newspaper's while to consider

it. Appreciate it in theory perhaps many would ; but they would go elsewhere with their pennies.

No, George, I cannot share the popular admiration for the noble army of Journalists, and I frankly own, as you and your Classical Tutor have pushed the question home, that I should be sorry to see you take service in its ranks. Its energy and enterprise are indeed indisputable, nor do I deny that it has often had, and not neglected, the opportunities of doing good. But in the present condition of its existence the evil that it must inevitably do outweighs, in my estimation, the good that it may chance to do. We have decided in our wisdom that no check shall be imposed on it, that it shall be free to utter not only the thing which is not (which were no great matter), but also the thing which is ; and in the tremendous competition from which, like all other human institutions in this competitive age, it now suffers, it cannot afford to pause, to think, to discriminate, in the way which alone could make such a power just and beneficent. It cannot but often disseminate, even where it does

not foster, much rash and foolish talking. It cannot but often offer crude and undigested sentiments for weighed thought ; the guess of a moment for the experience of years. It cannot but often place opportunities in the hands of men incapable, even where not careless, of using them discreetly. The very extent of its sway must infallibly make it often the unknowing agent of unscrupulous persons abroad ; and the awe with which it appears to be regarded by all classes of the community can hardly tend to make it very scrupulous at home. The Freedom of the Press has, in a word, become the tyranny of the world. Whether the day will ever come when the world shall rise up against this tyranny and refuse any longer to be subject to the huge monster it has created, I know not ; but of this I am sure, that it will be a blessed day for the world when it does come. For cordially as I admit, and, as a sample of man's activity, much as I admire the might, majesty, and dominion of the Press, I believe it to be a dangerous might, a false majesty, and an unjust dominion.

EUROPE AND MAROCCO;¹ OR THE WESTERN QUESTION.

LESS than eight years ago, the Plenipotentiaries of twelve European Powers, and the Moorish Foreign Minister, were discussing the affairs of Morocco in Conference at Madrid. Their sittings extended over six weeks, and disclosed differences of opinion so wide that the Conference was more than once on the point of breaking up. The nominal subject of deliberation was "the right of Protection of Moorish subjects by the representatives of Foreign Powers in Morocco." The hard facts of the case, however, were very closely bound up with other and technically extraneous matters, namely, the political aims of the respective Powers in their dealings with the country. In these circumstances, a compromise which left all the real difficulties untouched was at last arrived at. Señor Canovas del Castillo, President of the Conference, when taking leave of his colleagues at the last sitting, remarked that "without doubt the manifold difficulties which had given rise to the Conference would not be immediately removed by the resolutions which had been adopted." No severer criticism could, perhaps, be expected from one who was devoutly thankful that any conclusions had been reached at all.

This is what occurred in July 1880, and now we are said to be on the eve of another Conference, of the same Powers, on the same subject and at the same place. There are some slight reasons for believing that the British public will deign to pay more attention than it paid on the former occasion

to a subject of capital importance to itself. In 1880 Englishmen were wholly engaged in registering a final solemn and irreversible verdict in favour of Mr. Gladstone's home and foreign policy, a verdict which they have since reversed with no less seriousness and sense of finality. But, since, 1880 a very obvious though much neglected truth has been most unpleasantly forced upon our notice as a nation. It is this: that we have much that is greatly coveted by those who have it not; that our claim to enjoy it, in right of a kind of eternal birth-right, or prerogative created for us by the daring of our ancestors, is no longer valid; and that we can only keep it by exercising the sleepless vigilance which won it.

It is the purpose of this paper to review briefly the early history of the Protection afforded to Moorish subjects by different European Powers—the manner in which the subject was treated at Madrid in 1880—and, finally, the present situation of affairs.

First then, as regards the system of Protection. The word, in its present special and technical meaning, signifies a kind of imperfect naturalization granted to the natural subject of a Mohammedan State by the Consul of a European Power. The system had the same origin in Morocco as in the various provinces of the Ottoman Empire. It was a necessary supplement of the special jurisdictions established in favour of Europeans trading or sojourning in the East, by the ancient body of treaties, conventions and usages which bear the name of the Capitulations. The earliest of them is said to have been concluded between Sultan Solyman the Magnificent and Francis the First of France. The Protection afforded by them to European subjects was briefly as follows: a foreign

¹ This, and not *MOROCCO*, is the true spelling of the name of the capital city which gives a name to the whole country. It is so spelt in many standard English works, and in our Admiralty charts. The Arabic word is *Marrakush*, and the first *a* appears in the Spanish, Italian, German, and French renderings: *Marruecos*, *Marocco*, *Le Maroc*.

plaintiff or defendant in the Ottoman dominions was entitled to have his case tried by the Supreme Court of the Empire in the presence of his own Consul, who attended to see fair play. In process of time the native authorities were debarred from all jurisdiction over Europeans, and the defendant's Consul tried each case in his own court and by the law of his own country. Such encroachments on Mohammedan jurisdiction, fiercely resisted at first, and occasionally enforced by such measures as Admiral Blake's bombardment of Tunis in 1655, grew in number and importance as the Crescent waned and the Cross threw a larger shadow. Of course, only a weak or over-mastered state could have permitted the establishment of such an *imperium in imperio*. The subjects of Christian Europe, on the other hand, irresistibly drawn towards Eastern countries by the growing interests of trade, could hardly submit to the decrees of judges who were forbidden by their religion to regard the oath or the testimony of a Christian. At the beginning, no doubt, the Western influence of which the Capitulations were the symbol, sought only to secure the persons and properties of European subjects from the tyranny, ignorance or ill-will of the native authorities. But it was very soon found impossible to establish firm and regular commercial relations between Europeans and their native agents or servants, as long as the latter remained liable to be arrested, robbed, or imprisoned by the officials of their own sovereign, often for no better reason than that of having had dealings with the hated Nazarene. It may therefore be safely assumed that from very early times the native servants, agents and representatives of European trades received a more or less direct and efficient amount of Protection from the Consuls exercising jurisdiction over their employers. Such was the innocent and humble beginning of a system which has now formed in every Mohammedan country a dozen centres of European influence

and intrigue. During the last century and a half it has received an indefinite extension. The personal and national interests of the representatives of Europe in the East, and the facts of history, have worked together for similar ends.

The long naval struggle between England and France in the Mediterranean and Indian seas, the Egyptian and Syrian expeditions of Buonaparte, the alternate coercion by England, France, or Russia, of one Turkish Sultan after another, impressed the Oriental world with a tremendous respect for European opinion. All European Consuls grew into persons of high local importance. The ports and capitals where they resided became so many cockpits wherein they fought with their colleagues for influence over the native government, and to secure the lion's share of the native trade. Each of them strove to create a strong local element in harmony with his own views and ambitions. The custom of officially protecting natives soon received all the care and attention which so prolific a germ of influence deserved. Large numbers of natural subjects of the various states, Mohammedans, Jews or native Christians, were induced to become clients of this or that Legation or Consulate. They were readily secured by promises of commercial facilities, of immunity from taxation and from richly-deserved punishment for crimes committed. In no country did this system run to such riot as in Egypt. Before the establishment of the Mixed or International Tribunals, in 1875, most of the seventeen Consular Courts in that country claimed jurisdiction not only over large numbers of genuine but protected Egyptians, but over all who had litigation with them. Consuls, who saw in every new recruit an addition to their influence and means of using pressure, manufactured "Frenchmen" or "Italians" in rapid succession. The natural result of all this was to disgust the native rulers with everything European, to rouse the social

and religious prejudices of the mass of the unprotected people, and to give rise to savage outrages, for which the same foreign influence which had engendered them demanded exemplary punishment.

Egypt is the leading case on this point, and that is why we have dwelt upon it. In Morocco, an Eastern state under a Western sky, but hitherto far less known to and interfered with by Westerns than Egypt, the Protective system has developed for similar reasons and on similar lines.

European trade with Morocco, and more especially with its inland regions, has probably always been carried on through the agency of native *semsars*, or brokers. It is in connection with this class, accordingly, that we find the earliest germs of the Protective system. As far back as 1767, a Treaty made between Lewis the Fourteenth of France and the Sultan provided that the persons and dwellings of the agents and servants of French traders should be exempt from all taxation, and that they should be left absolutely free to perform their duties. Further, all differences between Moors and Frenchmen were withdrawn from the cognizance of the native Kadi, and submitted to the Sultan in person, or to his representative in each town. These provisions establish a considerable right of interference with the local jurisdiction, especially as they place no numerical limit to the French native agents. By a Convention made between France and Morocco in 1863, the incidents of Protection were regulated afresh. In the century that had elapsed the very idea of subjecting Europeans to a Moorish court had become obsolete, and it was tacitly assumed, though not expressly stated in the Convention, that the French Consular Court alone had jurisdiction over persons under French Protection. Such persons were now divided into two classes: the natives employed by the Consulate and the brokers (*censeaux*) of French traders. The numbers of the latter were, for the first time,

limited to two for each commercial house or branch. It was next provided that French Protection should not extend to labourers employed by Frenchmen in the country districts.

Spain, and other countries, made similar conventions in the same year. As a general rule each Power represented in Morocco, whether bound by special Conventions or not, claimed the same rights as had been secured by any other Power, and, with the exception of Italy, submitted in theory to the same restrictions. Italy, however, claimed and exercised a prescriptive right of indiscriminate Protection. On this grave fact we shall comment presently.

As regards Great Britain, her Convention of Commerce and Navigation with Morocco, made in December 1856, and signed simultaneously with her General Treaty with that country, provided as follows. British subjects were to have the free choice of their native brokers, factors or agents. Such agents were to be treated and regarded as other subjects of the Moorish dominions, and any interference of the Sultan's officers in the bargains or other business between British and Moorish subjects were to be severely punished by the Sultan.

Such were the general principles of European Protection in Morocco before the year 1880. We may allude, in passing, to the solitary recognition in the British Commercial Treaty of 1856 of Moorish authority over the native brokers of Englishmen. The later Conventions of 1863 contained no such recognition, and therefore England also ceased to be bound: identity of rights being, as we have said, claimed by every European Power. But the respect shown to England's flag in Morocco, and her standing desire of strengthening the Sultan's authority, have hitherto combined to prevent her from exercising this additional right.

In passing to the consideration of the practice, as distinguished from the principles of Protection, we must remember again that the main justifica-

tion of the system lies in the backwardness and misgovernment of Mohammedan countries. Of such countries Morocco is probably the most backward and misgoverned. Only two or three of the host of imperial governors and other functionaries receive any salary whatever. Indeed, all of them have secured their posts by bribes, in money or promises, to those who have the Sultan's ear. The understanding is that every Kaid, or provincial governor, is to make what he can out of his province. In a country without railways, telegraphs,¹ roads, bridges or wheeled carriages, he is practically uncontrolled by orders from headquarters. As long as he can direct a steady flow of money into the imperial treasury at Fez, few questions will be asked, and few complaints heard. Accordingly he recoups his own outlay and nurses his influence at court by one and the same course of exaction. He "milks" the legitimate taxes, he supplements them by illegal imposts, and he sells inferior offices on a system identical with that upon which he acquired his own. Ready money is accordingly a prime necessity of the official and the tax-payer alike. Here steps in the village-usurer, who is as thick on the ground in Morocco as in Lower Egypt. A bad harvest or a succession of unauthorized exactions throw the population of a whole province into the hands of his class. The rate of interest, the terms of each loan, are matters wholly within his own discretion. The punishment of defaulters is imprisonment, often for life, certainly until the debt is repaid tenfold. Thus the Moorish peasantry have three standing enemies—the governor, the tax-gatherer, and the usurer, and they often attempt to get rid of all three by insurrection. Then the imperial forces, composed of a few regulars and a swarm of rapacious auxiliaries, sweep like a flight of locusts over the country, which they are, as

truly as graphically, said to "eat up." Every green blade is destroyed, and the means of paying taxes vanish for years to come. Such raids are, however, not always successful. Many a powerful tribe in the southern province of Sus, in the mountains of the Rif on the Mediterranean coast, and in the regions of the Atlas range, has for years defeated every attempt to levy tax or tribute. A nucleus of anarchy is thus to be found in most parts of the Sultan's dominions. As matters stand, accordingly, the vindication and the defeat of the imperial authority are alike fatal to the peace and prosperity of the country.

Such is the relation in which the Moorish administration too generally stands to the Emperor's subjects. We have now to consider the share of responsibility for this state of affairs which belongs to Protection as practised by the representatives of Europe in the country. The chief Conventions on the subject, previous to 1880, have already been referred to. The Conference of the latter year was preceded by numerous meetings of the Consular body at Tangier, at which the practical working and the attendant abuses of Protection were exhaustively reviewed. Sid Mohammed Vargas, the Moorish Foreign Minister, laid before these meetings a series of proposals, with a mass of evidence, on the strength of which he declared that Protection was killing government in Morocco. In our comments on the system, as it was practised in 1880, and as it is, according to the best local authority, practised in 1888, we shall draw largely on that evidence. It was in the main not only uncontradicted but confirmed and amplified by many of the Consuls, notably by Sir John Drummond Hay, the British Minister. The testimony of the newborn Press of Tangier tells in the same direction. The facts are and were true, though widely varying inferences may be drawn from them.

With the exception of Italy, the European Consulates professedly confined their Protection to their own

¹ In February, 1887, the Eastern Telegraph Company completed the laying of the first cable between Gibraltar and Tangier.

clients and the brokers of merchants within their jurisdiction. Such was the idea, but the execution went far beyond it. The Treaties and Conventions were ignored, except when they told against the Moorish authorities. Protection became a marketable commodity. The composition of the "European" Consular body fully accounted for the fact. Many of the genuine Europeans had had no diplomatic, Consular, or judicial training. Others used their whole official influence to secure privileges contrary to Treaty. In other cases Jewish or Arab usurers bought, first Protection, and then a Consular agency, or interpretership. As Consular agents they summoned their own debtors into courts where they sat as judges, though knowing no European law or language. Their interpreterships were often acquired by a mere cash payment, and in despite of their ignorance of any language but Arabic, and of their inability to write even that. Again, among the protected native brokers were men who had no connection with trade, and who were protected by other natives who were neither merchants nor the agents of merchants, but who had been allowed to buy Protection for themselves and to sell Protection to others. Most of these posts were "unpaid," but gave the certain hope of a fortune to be made by receipt of bribes, by usury, by misuse of official powers. The holders, moreover, escaped military service, the payment of their debts and taxes, and the punishment of their crimes. In May, 1887, a Tangier paper¹ stated that a Consular clerkship was often worth sixteen hundred pounds a year, an interpretership two hundred to eight hundred, and that an "unpaid" Consular agency was dirt cheap at a thousand pounds. So scientifically was the system of Protection worked that, in some cases, the retention or surrender of a client was a matter of bargain between the Moorish and Consular authorities. In others, the

Consul would temporarily withdraw his Protection from a native who had incurred punishment by the laws of his adopted country. When the affair had blown over, or been settled by money, the culprit returned to his position and privileges. And Protection had yet another resource—that of naturalization made easy. Moorish subjects crossed the frontier to Algeria, or the seas to France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Brazil, or the United States, and returned after a while as full-blown Frenchmen, Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese, Brazilians, or Yankees. In New York special Jewish agencies were formed for their accommodation.

Such were the practices which gradually became part and parcel of the Protective system—a system which Sid Mohammed Vargas denounced as the deadliest disease of his country. His indictment included nearly every European Legation or Consulate: Great Britain alone was specially, and gratefully, excepted.

"In meetings of the foreign representatives at Tangier," wrote Sir John Drummond Hay,² two months before the Madrid Conference of 1880, "I was the first to acknowledge that the form of government in Morocco is one of the worst in the world; but I maintain that irregular Protection, as at present afforded, in direct contravention of treaty engagement, is not a remedy for misgovernment. *It is a remarkable fact that irregular Protection has been chiefly extended by those diplomatic and consular officers who have little or no trade with Morocco, nor even subjects of their governments residing in this country.* It is a question to be asked—How has this come to pass? Great Britain has the largest trade with Morocco, yet there are no Moorish subjects protected who are not in the service of Her Majesty's government, or of British diplomatic or consular offices, in accordance with treaty stipulations."

In the systems of Protection, as practised by France and Italy respectively, there were special features which demand separate treatment. We will take the French case first. Under her Convention of 1863 France

² Sir J. Drummond Hay to the Marquis of Salisbury, Tangier, March 16, 1880. *Blue-book on Morocco*, No. 1 (1880), p. 75.

¹ "Le Réveil du Maroc," 25th May, 1887.

claimed, as we have seen, the right of protecting two brokers for each of her mercantile establishments, but pledged herself never to protect country labourers. The pledge was systematically violated, and the claim was worked in a manner which produced a ferment in every Moorish province. France laid down, as a principle, that the peculiar nature of her trade with Morocco, notably her wool-trade, required the presence of her brokers not only in the ports and towns, but throughout the country districts. Every such broker was exempted from military service, taxation, and the jurisdiction of the Moorish courts. Thus a network of French influence spread over those inland districts in which lay whatever resources of strength still remained to the native Government. The ports, and many of the towns, had long been regarded by the Moors as hopelessly given over to European influence. The country population of the interior were however still the representatives of pure Mohammedan feeling, and provided the chief part of the imperial revenue and the bulk of the imperial levies of men. The creation in their midst of a protected class, a class identified with Christian Europe, a class that showed its consciousness of a privileged position by every kind of commercial fraud, violence, and injustice towards their "unprotected" fellow countrymen, dealt a heavy blow at the authority of Moorish law and government. Nearly every rich inhabitant, Moor or Jew, applied and paid for a French agency—escaping thereby from all his national liabilities and duties. Whenever the Governor of the province was ordered to levy men or taxes, he found that every man possessed of either money or influence was a French agent. The unprotected remainder consisted of those who had little or nothing to give in money, and who could not provide a recruit. The moral effect on these unfortunates was to make them rebels against all authority. Robbed and ill-treated by their

own Government, they saw the richest and most prosperous of their neighbours in safety under the flag of an infidel Power. Nay more, they saw the same persons making large profits, by dint of usurious advances, out of burdens which they had not touched with one of their fingers. Such situations could not fail to produce riots, outrages on Jews and others, robbery and disorder of all kinds. As regards the Jews, it could not be pretended that their community, as a whole, benefited by the system. It was a luxury confined to some thousand rich men—protected as agents or otherwise. Meanwhile some two hundred thousand unprotected Jews constantly suffered vicariously from the fury excited by the behaviour of their selected brethren.¹

This case, laid before the Consuls at Tangier in 1880 by the Moorish Foreign Minister, was fully confirmed by Sir John Drummond Hay. The French representative, however, denied that the Protection of brokers had anything to do with the undoubted anarchy which was prevalent in the country. The withdrawal of that Protection was a matter which he refused even to discuss. France had enjoyed under the Treaty of 1767 an unlimited right of Protection, which she had, too generously for her own interests, restricted in 1863. England had, he acknowledged, equal rights with France, and therefore also the strict right of protecting brokers of her own. But he appealed to Sir John Hay to dispense with that right in the future, as he had done in the past, without detriment to British trade and to the advantage and strengthening of Moorish authority. France stood in a less favourable position, and could not withdraw Protection from her brokers without ruin to her trade. "*L'honorable Représentant de la Grande Bretagne*" said he, "*paraît voir surtout l'intérêt de l'Administration Marocaine. Pour moi, je me laisse plutôt guider par*

¹ Blue-book on Morocco, No. 1 (1880) pp. 63—75.

l'intérêt du commerce de la France."¹ These views have very lately been reiterated by a writer in "*Le Temps*"² who declares that the Protection of her brokers can alone enable France to attack British commercial preponderance in Morocco. "*Les Anglais*," he says, "*jouaient absolument leur jeu lorsque, en 1880, ils prenaient l'initiative de la suppression des protégés.*"

The case of Italian Protection may be more shortly stated. Italy claims a historical or customary right of protecting any Moorish subject she may think fit to protect. Of such fitness the authorities at Rome are sole judges, and no restrictions submitted to by other European Powers can affect Italy in any way. The Italian Minister who assumed this language at the Consular meetings at Tangier had the longest of all the European Protection-lists. It contained for the town of Tangier alone about one hundred and fifty Jews and others. Sir John Drummond Hay calculated, in an official report on the subject,³ that if the thirteen Powers represented in Morocco were to assert equal rights with Italy, the total number of protected persons would amount to two thousand. The natives employed by the Consulates and their servants would amount to another two thousand. Thus there would be four thousand protected persons in a town of twelve thousand souls; "and," added Sir John, "there would only remain to the Basha and the Kadi the government of the poorest class of inhabitants."

Of course, two diametrically opposite views may be taken of the Protective system as operating upon a misgoverned country like Morocco. It may be considered as a mitigation of evils past all cure, or it may be held largely responsible for the existence and spread of those evils. The latter view is that of the most enlightened Moors, and has received the support of British policy in their country for several

generations. It assumes, for the present at all events, the right of Morocco to political independence as a Mohammedan State. It recognises further the fact that many European States have designs of their own on that independence, which are furthered by every fresh proof that the native Government is unable to preserve law and order among its own subjects or to protect Europeans in the legitimate pursuit of trade. The supporters of this view look to the strengthening of the Sultan's authority over his subjects for the better government of the latter, reserving to the irresistible influence of Europe the function of keeping that authority within the channels of justice. Great things, again, are hoped from the material development of a country abounding in natural resources and peopled by a most brave and industrious race. The regulation of rivers, harbour-works, irrigation, road-making, mining, afforestation, agriculture, viticulture,⁴ and manufactures—all these are interests which Europe may unselfishly foster in Morocco. They will tend to the enrichment of the native administration and to the relief of its taxpayers, the bulk of whom now practise only the rudest existing mode of tillage. The tremendous pressure of neighbouring Europe will avail to check any fanatical policy which would reject or retard improvements necessitating the presence of a larger European element.

Again, a population which is growing rich by the development of its own wealthy soil will, itself, grow impatient of a fanaticism which would perpetuate the isolation and poverty of the country. At the same time there must be no unnecessary interference with Mohammedan religion, law or usage, and no wanton parade of European contempt for offices and

¹ Blue-book on Morocco, No. 1 (1880), p. 31.

² December 30th, 1887.

³ Blue-book on Morocco, No. 1 (1880), p. 78.

⁴ D'Anville ("*Ancient Geography*," ii. p. 649) says that Cape Spartel, the north-west point of Morocco, "bore among the Greeks the name of Ampelusia, as being abundant in vines."

institutions which enjoy local reverence and authority. Hence, such European Powers as wish Morocco well must keep a watch not only over the behaviour of the native Government, but over any European influence which may be seeking its own ends by making that Government an impossibility.

A policy such as this may perhaps be taxed with optimism, or denounced as a policy of make-shift. But it may claim to be conceived in the interests of European tranquillity, when applied to the case of a half-peopled country containing mines of natural wealth, holding a commanding position on the Mediterranean, and coveted by half-a-dozen European Powers.

The opposite view may be gathered from the language held on behalf of France and Italy respectively in 1880. As amplified by a little obvious reading between the lines, and illustrated by the practice of France at least, it is this. Every measure which introduces civilisation into an Orientally-governed country is wholly good in itself. The new manners conflict with the old, and disorders occur, of course, but that is only the struggle of light with darkness. The Moorish Government is Oriental, and is therefore incurably bad, and therefore again, every person withdrawn from its authority and identified with French or Italian interests is as a brand plucked from the burning. The Sultan's tribunals merely caricature our own ideas of justice, and should be at once superseded by mixed tribunals on the Egyptian plan, which, as in Egypt, will keep the heel of Europe on the country's neck. The integrity of Morocco is to be respected, no doubt—not on account of any Moorish right to independence, but because it is still a matter of doubt whether Europe will allow any single Power to annex Morocco. Meanwhile in each case we will extend our private influence as widely as possible, so as to secure a front place in the scramble for the country which is inevitably coming.

Such were the conflicting feelings with which the representatives of Europe met at Madrid in May, 1880. The ground had been prepared by the lengthy though abortive discussions of the Consular body at Tangier, to which we have already referred. Indeed, as regards local knowledge, the Consuls were far superior to the Plenipotentiaries, most of whom merely repeated the earlier arguments on their side which had been supplied to them in the shape of detailed reports. Hence we shall deal but shortly with the Conference itself, especially as our space is limited and most of the matter has been anticipated. The English Plenipotentiary, Mr. Sackville West, acted on Lord Salisbury's instructions to support Sir John Drummond Hay's policy,

"And to bear in mind that it is the desire of her Majesty's Government that the Government of Morocco should be freed from all undue interference on the part of foreign representatives, and that the pernicious system of granting foreign protection to the subjects of the Sultan, a system highly prejudicial to the financial prosperity of the State, should be curtailed as far as possible."¹

These instructions were communicated to the Cabinet of Madrid which gave to the policy embodied in them their support throughout the Conference.

Sid Mohammed Vargas, who was the Sultan's Plenipotentiary, re-stated the case which he had laid before the Consuls at Tangier. He declared that the Sultan's efforts to promote good government at home and trade with Europe were paralysed by the effects of irregular Protection, which divided his subjects into two hostile camps. Rather than allow such a system to continue, the Sultan would use his prerogative right to forbid the export trade. He demanded the strict observance of the Treaties, the restriction of Protection to persons in the service of the Consulates, and the acknowledgment of the jurisdiction of the Shraa, or Moorish Courts, over the motley multitude of protected brokers which comprised half

¹ Blue-book on Morocco, No. 1 (1880), p. 67.

the rich men in the country. Moreover he insisted that no more brokers should be appointed in the country districts.

Admiral Jaurès, the French representative, replied at once that Morocco was denouncing the French Treaty of 1863. He could not even discuss its provisions, which secured the bare minimum required by the interests of French trade.

"Our three points," he said, "are the fixed number of our brokers, our free choice of them in every part of the country, and their exclusive submission to our Consular jurisdiction. To sacrifice these points would be to sacrifice French trade. We wish well to the Sultan's authority, but disbelieve that our protected brokers have impaired it in any way. The threat to forbid exportation is idle: European trade cannot be kept out of Africa."¹

The Italian representative in his turn maintained, on behalf of United Italy, all rights of Protection ever acquired by any Italian State. He refused, in any case, to make any limitation of such rights retrospective. The present long list of persons under Italian Protection, regular or irregular, would remain intact. The anarchical and barbarous condition of Morocco rendered any concession impossible.

Such language, in the one case as in the other, was plain enough. Señor Canovas del Castillo pointed out that the Italian demand, if maintained in full, would break up the Conference. Adjournment followed adjournment, in order to permit of communications with the French and Italian Cabinets. The final result was that the Treaties of 1863 were taken as the basis of a new Convention. The main features of that document were as follows. The protected brokers were confirmed in all the privileges claimed for them by France, save that of exemption from the taxes on agriculture and beasts of burden. In return for this concession the Moorish Government confirmed the previous treaty-right of Europeans to hold real property. The Italian claim to exercise indiscriminate

Protection was also dealt with and the position of all the names on the Italian list was confirmed. For the future, the Convention forbade, in solemn language, all irregular and "officious," as distinguished from official, Protection. It then, with no small sense of humour, provided that *nevertheless* each Power might exercise the customary right (*droit consuetudinaire*) of Protection in twelve cases, by way of reward for special services rendered to itself by a Moor. Thus the thirteen Powers secured one hundred and fifty-six irregular clients at a blow. This last provision, and that which confirmed the status of the native brokers, secured, in advance, the general inutility of the Convention. Sid Mohammed Vargas gave notice at once that the Sultan would reopen the question of the brokers by diplomatic means.

Nearly eight years have passed, and much has happened inside as well as outside Morocco. The Convention of 1880 is barely known to the Moorish authorities, at least in the interior of the country. This fact matters the less because its provisions have been regularly violated by the old transgressors. Jews protected by protected Jews are thicker than ever. The native brokers have paid no taxes. Finally the governor of a portion of El Gharb, the sea-province of Morocco, reports that an entire tribe within his jurisdiction has received French Protection.

The Moors on their part have retaliated, and are unwearied in ill-doing. Every obstacle has been thrown in the way of Europeans wishing to acquire land. The Convention of 1880 provided that the permission of the Moorish Government should always be obtained. That permission has nearly always been refused. In this respect Consular officers, merchants, hotel-keepers, and private individuals have fared alike. Merchants holding houses under tenancies at will have been suddenly ejected with their, often perishable, goods. Native masons

¹ Blue-book on Morocco, No. 1 (1880), pp. 118-121.

who have repaired houses for Europeans have been flogged and imprisoned. Jews and Mohammedans who were suspected of usury, or of dealing with Christians, have been beaten and even murdered. Fanaticism has increased. The Sultan himself took alarm at the completion of the telegraphic cable between Gibraltar and Tangier. The Moorish shore-end has been repeatedly cut.

Here then are clear issues for the Conference of 1888. Is the French or the English view of Moorish rights to prevail? Is Morocco to be punished as being obstinately blind to the light of an impeccable civilization, or are the misdeeds of ambitious and treaty-breaking European Powers to be taken into account? Is the right of Morocco to independence under the guarantee of Europe, or the right of a dozen European rivals to make her a commercial and political battle-ground, to prevail?

Political events will probably be found to have affected the grouping of the Powers as it existed in 1880. It is now unlikely that Italy will support any policy which commends itself to France. Great Britain and, probably, Spain will support the cause of Moorish independence as before. As regards France, it is her attitude that creates a special difficulty in this as in other European questions. In 1880 she successfully insisted on her pound of Moorish flesh. In 1882 she annexed the neighbouring Barbary State of Tunis and defied the enmity of Italy. In 1884 her Minister at Tangier, M. Ordega, planned the deposition of the Sultan in favour of the leading French candidate, the Sherif of Wazan. During several months of that year matters looked bad enough. In May General Thomassin reconnoitred the passes between Oran and Morocco. In June our old friend, Admiral Jaurès, brought a squadron to Tangier. But the energy of Sir John Drummond Hay and the embarrassments of the French Cabinet,

which had the Tongking expedition on its hands, combined to defeat a very hopeful attempt to imitate the great *coup* at Tunis. Nevertheless the activity of France has been unrelenting. Between July 1886 and August 1887 she has built a railway, one hundred and two *kilomètres* in length, to the eastern frontier of Morocco. From Oran she can carry her troops within striking distance of the rich and important Moorish oases of Figuig and Tafilet. The line passes through a hopelessly barren country. Why then, if she means peace, has she made it?

England has, in dealing with Morocco, the initial advantage of being the only popular Christian Power. Her stake in the country, military and commercial, is the same in nature as it was in Nelson's time, but is far greater in value. To secure the free navigation of the Straits, to provide Gibraltar with unfailing supplies from the Moorish coast, to keep Tangier out of hostile hands—these are her main interests now as they were formerly. Two steps should be taken at once to preserve those interests. These are, to restore the fighting powers of Gibraltar by removing part of the civilian population, and to re-arm the fortress itself with the very best of modern guns.

HAROLD A. PERRY.

NOTE.—We learn, at the eleventh hour, that the Conference of Madrid is to be postponed. And why? Because France declines to attend "without receiving previous information of every point to be discussed." The points that *must* be discussed, if Morocco is to live, are the common knowledge of Europe. It is, therefore, clear that France maintains her position of 1880. She will sanction nothing that could really further the national interests of Morocco or the independence of the Sultan. Since 1880, she has practically tested the political value of her own special system of Protection, and has found it good for herself, if not for the Moors. And so the Conference must wait. Whether the threatening explosion of the conflicting elements in Morocco will also wait, is a question admitting of serious doubt.

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